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The Literary Digest

FOR OCTOBER 24, 1936

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Mail

Mickey Mouse

Sir:—Your Mickey Mouse write-up in the October 3 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST was a "honey"! It was worth half the enclosed subscription price. EMERY JONES.

Yellowstone

Sir:—Upon reading the letter from Mr. Edmund Rogers, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, it occurs to me that *Uncle Sam* should be making the profit out of cabins, hotels, cafeterias, etc., in order to help defray the expenses of running the Park.

On our recent visit there we paid $1.50 per person for doubtful pleasure of stopping in a crude cabin that had no chair or wash-basin. Perhaps there would be fewer "tin can tourists" if there were less private profit and more government ownership. PEARL DORR.
Denver.

Natural Children

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of September 26 is an article on children, fortunate or unfortunate, depending on the marital status of their parents. You say that in Arizona and North Dakota, "legislative statements declare all children to be considered legitimate offspring of their natural parents." And you conclude: "efforts should never be halted until the natural child is accorded his rightful legal position in every State in the Union."

The terms "natural parents" and "natural children" imply that there exist parents and

(*Continued on page 4*)

Harvey S. Firestone
PUTS THE FARM ON RUBBER . . .
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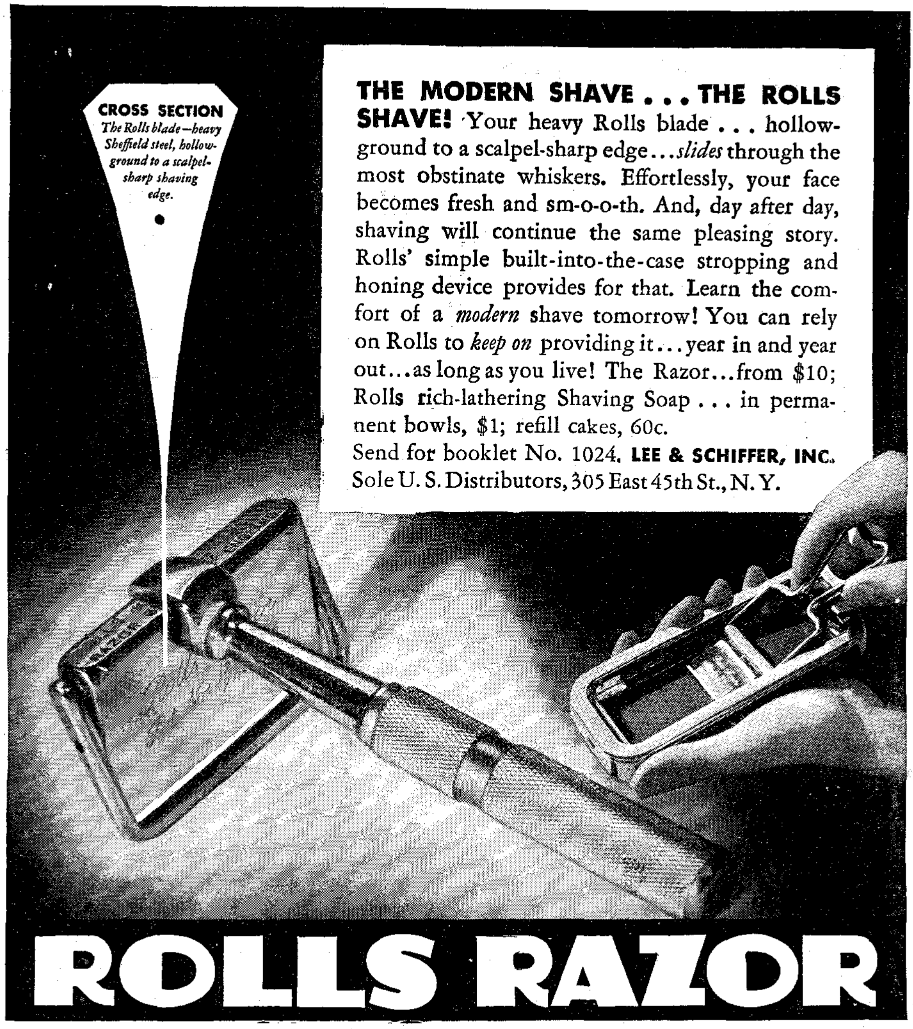

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Mail

(*Continued from page 2*)

children who are unnatural. Please explain how and when parents and children become unnatural.
J. ASKELAND.
Strathmore, California.

[Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language defines a natural child as one "born out of wedlock; illegitimate." The term was used in the article to avoid repetition.—*Editor.*]

The Magazine

Sir:—Whatever necessity there may be for discussing the President of Mexico and passing by the fact that what he is doing by practically confiscating lands not belonging to the Mexican State, I protest your treatment of this matter. Your approach is laudatory rather than digestive. Were you quoting some newspaper of Mexico or some writer from that country, it might be permissible. But your comment is certainly not that of a disinterested digest.
Yours for Americanism.
Los Angeles. HENRY J. BRADY.

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST is the newest visitor to our library, but already is not the least appreciated. The art of saying much in little space seems to have been lost by most magazines. Also, I enjoy THE DIGEST'S praiseworthy deference to the readers' private opinions as evidenced by the absence of partizan pronouncement.
Hesston, Kansas. FRANKLIN U. MOYER.

Dirtless Farming

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 29, there is an article, "Farming Without Any Good Earth," at the end of which are the following paragraphs:

"But the United States Department of Agriculture dismisses the whole matter with a snort of derision.

"News that a new method of farming may result from Professor Gericke's experiments is far-fetched, an official told THE LITERARY DIGEST."

Instead of dismissing the whole matter with "a snort of derision," it would be much more satisfactory if the United States Department of Agriculture would give the reasons for its opinion as to the value of this mode of farming. Is it too expensive? Are the figures as to yield published in the article of Professors Gericke and Travernetti in *The Journal of the Society of Agricultural Engineers* incorrect? One man made the assertion that there are no vitamins in tomatoes grown in this manner. Is this a fact?
Milwaukee. J. F. MAX PATITZ,
Chief Consulting Engineer,
Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company.

Housing

$3000
NEW HOME

Sir:—Your article in the issue of September 12 on the housing situation is very timely, but I believe that you are overlooking the fact that 65 per cent. of the people of the United States can not afford a house that will cost more than $3,000.

One of the things we need now is to develop houses, properly equipped, that can be built for $3,000 or less.

The cost of construction and the cost of financing are still too difficult for the average man.
San Antonio, Texas. R. C. KITTEL.

Supermarkets

Sir:—Your article entitled "Slashing of Prices in Supermarkets," which appeared in your issue of September 19, included the following paragraph concerning a recent sale conducted by the Columbus Big Bear Market:

"Yet supermarket stores continue to forge forward. Ruefully, chain-store executives recently watched an anniversary sale of a Columbus, Ohio, Big Bear. During two days, the sale attracted 50,000 buyers, sold 175 car-loads of merchandise."

The statement that 175 car-loads of merchandise was handled during the two-day sale is obviously extravagant. When you stop to consider that 175 cars would supply every man, woman and child in Columbus with two or three cases of merchandise, you naturally raise the question as to whether there is demand in and about the city for such a volume. When you realize that one of our medium-sized wholesale grocery houses has a capacity of about twelve cars a week, you begin to wonder whether the local Big

Bear outfit is organized on a scale which would permit such a large turnover.
J. ROBERT NICHOLS, Secretary.
Columbus Retail Grocers' Association.
Columbus, Ohio.

[The 175 car-load figure was obtained from a survey made by M. M. Zimmerman for *Printer's Ink*, an advertising magazine. Since Mr. Zimmerman spent almost a year studying supermarkets at first hand, we have no reason to doubt his accuracy.—*Editor.*]

Political Theory

Sir:—Walter Lippmann, in THE LITERARY DIGEST of September 19, gives as his reason for voting for Landon the fact that, if elected, Landon will have a Democratic Congress and thus will be unable to command a majority but "must persuade it." Mr. Lippmann calls this "a Government of National Union." I should call it one of futility and ineptitude. Often enough in the recent past has the country witnessed the complete helplessness of a President under such a state of affairs.

NO!
NO!
NO!
BILL

The theory of the party system, "the American way," is for the party in power to assume responsibility for all it has done during its term of office. This can be effective only when the party in power is given sufficient support to carry through its program.
(MRS.) GEORGE J. BOUFFIOUX.
Molalla, Oregon.

The Cover

Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you on your very smart and modernistic cover of September 26, which brings your appearance up to your quality in the fore rank of magazines.
J. B. SILE.
Detroit.

French Gold

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST, October 3, page 42, I read: "Loss of basic gold . . . by export . . . had reduced the holdings of the Bank of France almost to that 'crisis point' between 50 and 51 billion francs, below which, in theory, the national defense would be endangered. . . ."

I may be wrong, but from experience of the first World War I got the idea that the national defense of France consisted of men, morale and fighting equipment.

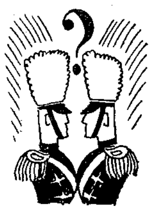
I seem to remember that at the outbreak of war the gold basis was abandoned, *reality* prevailed and financial credit was created to the extent rendered necessary by reality.

I can see, Mr. Editor, how France's national defense could be endangered by the export of men and iron. But will you please say how France is really being defended by gold buried under the ground in Paris?
Carmel, California. E. J. ATTER.

[The theory referred to prevails in France. A nation's war-time ability to buy and borrow abroad is obviously greater when it has a strong, gold-backed credit position than when it is weak in that respect.—*Editor.*]

Wellington

Sir:—After studying with much satisfaction THE DIGEST'S political poll in its issue of September 26, I turned to page 12 and read that Madrid was twice captured in the Napoleonic wars—once by Sir Arthur Wellesley and once by the Duke of Wellington.

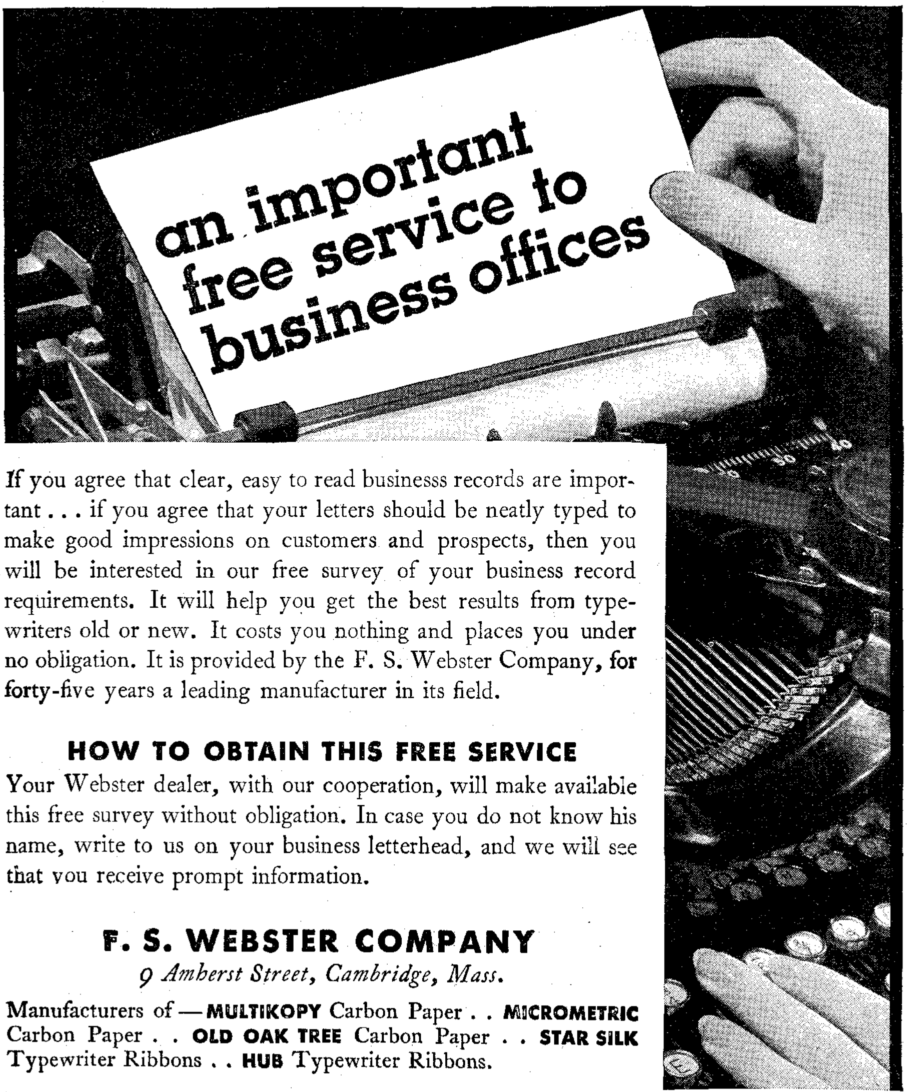


I have not looked into the history of that matter for more than fifty years, but I am presuming that Wellesley and Wellington were one and the same gallant soldier.
JOHN S. DAWSON.
Topeka, Kansas.

[Supreme Court Justice Dawson is right. Wellesley and Wellington were, as he writes, one and the same person. Nevertheless, the Sir Arthur Wellesley who advanced up the Tagus Valley in 1808 was not the Duke of Wellington. It was not until the following year, and after surviving bitter criticism for allowing a French Army to escape him, that Sir Arthur Wellesley was made Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

In 1812, after a second advance through Portugal and up the Tagus Valley, he became the Marquess of Wellington, and in 1814, after the conclusion of the Peninsular wars, Marquess of Douro and Duke of Wellington.

Prior to 1790, he called himself Wesley.—*Editor.*]



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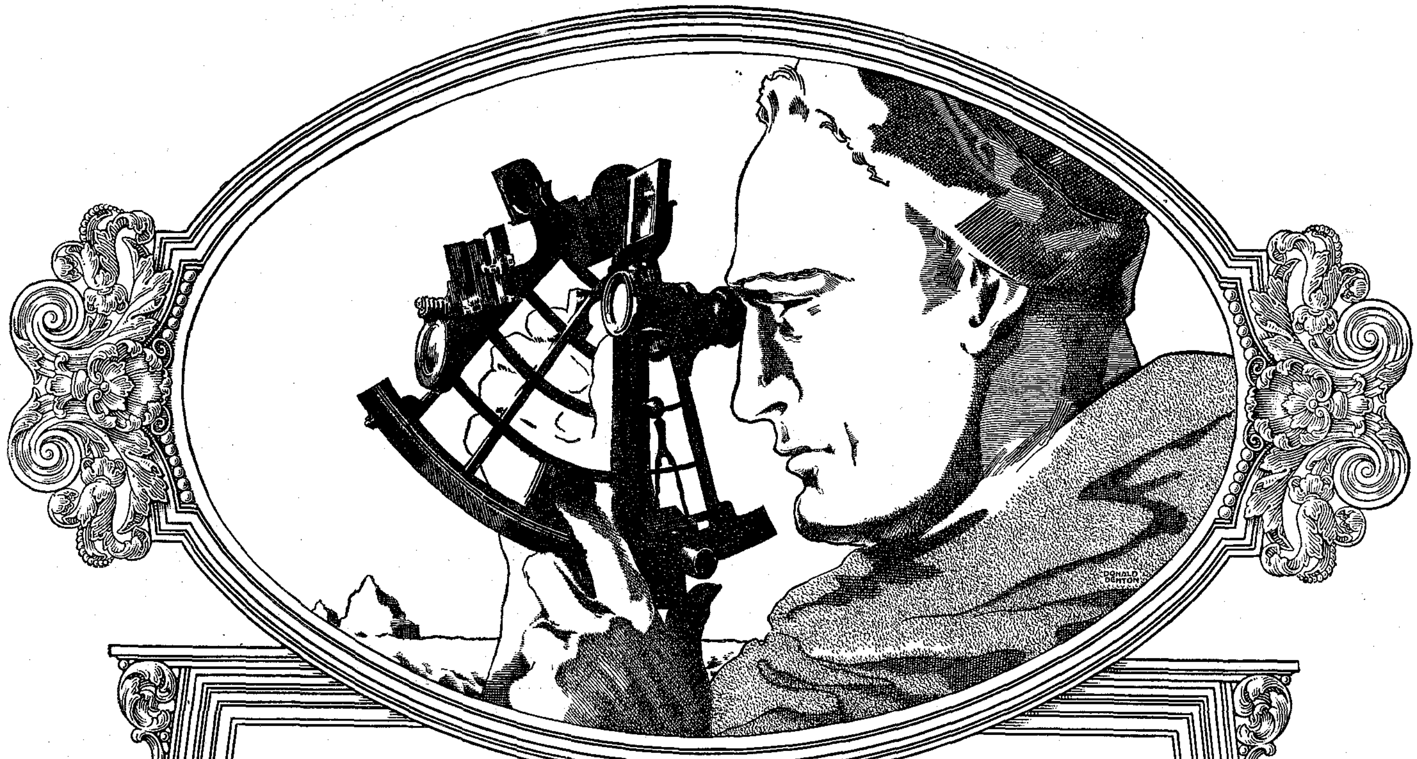

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK OCTOBER 24, 1936

Topics of the day

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT MARIHUANA

It's Non-Habit-Forming and Gives Users Delusions of Grandeur

ANCIENT FABLE: Three men, one under the influence of alcohol, another steeped in opium, a third intoxicated by marihuana, arrived one night at the closed gates of a Persian city.

"Let us break down the gates!" roared the drunkard.

"Nay," said the opium eater. "Let us rest until morning, when we may enter through the wide-flung portals."

"You may do as you wish," was the decision of the omnipotent marihuana addict. "But I shall stroll through the keyhole."

MODERN FACT: Five tons of marihuana weed, pitchforked into a police cell as legal evidence, sent dry, sweet fumes through the Dundalk, Maryland, station-house last week. Police and Federal agents who had raided a farm just over the Baltimore city line, said the crop was worth $1,000,000 on the retail market. Along with two Mexicans, they garnered in 345 pounds of dried marihuana leaves worth about $20,000.

U. S. Addicts—While newspaper head-lines barked, research workers dug into files giving some indication of the proportion of the world's 200,000,000 "weed" smokers in this country:

> The Kansas City *Star* charges that marihuana is being smoked by students in the Kansas City high schools, and in the University of Kansas.
>
> The Tulsa (Okla.) *Tribune* reports the home of a Mexican hot-tamale salesman, recently arrested, was a dope den for boys and girls of high-school age.
>
> The New York *Daily News* says that twenty-three-year-old R—— D——, socially prominent, arrested on a Harlem corner, acquired the marihuana habit at Amherst College.
>
> The Chicago *Daily News* tells of seizure by cops of 40,000 marihuana cigarettes . . . intended for sale to schoolchildren, a fine trade having been worked up among these striplings.
>
> The New York *Times* and other papers announce discovery of marihuana growing in San Quentin (Calif.) Prison yard. Some had been harvested and smoked by the convicts.

Confusion—From files of magazines, police records and books on drugs, lurid stories tell of the horror that is marihuana; others point out that it is not enslaving, as are other drugs; that in India it is considered a gift from the gods and has been used in religious ceremonies for centuries. The high degree of misinformation regarding marihuana has left the general public in ignorance; even among officials, there is confusion:

"Continual use is known to produce a violent type of insanity which has brought to it the name 'loco weed,'" wrote V. Lewitus in the July, 1936, issue of the *American Journal of Nursing*. "The subject suddenly will turn with murderous violence upon whomever is nearest him. He will run amuck with knife, ax, gun or anything that is at hand. . . . After the sudden outburst wears away, the memory is left blank, and the victim of these narcotic effects returns to normal."

Bert Longworth in "U. S. Camera"

"Have you ever seen that funny reefer man? He says he swam to China . . ." sings Cab Calloway

Investigation—On the other hand, Dr. Walter Bromberg, senior psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital, New York, wrote: ". . . where 2,216 criminals convicted of felonies were examined psychiatrically, not one case of confirmed marihuana addiction was noted. . . . Of the 361 individuals diagnosed as psychopathic personalities in the routine examination, thirty-two (9 per cent.) were drug addicts, and of these, only seven had smoked marihuana for any period of time.

"None of the assault cases could be said to have been committed under the drug's influence. Of the sexual crimes, there was none due to marihuana intoxication. . . . It is clear from this study that in this region the drug is a breeder of crime only when used by psychopathic types in whom the drug allows the emergence of aggressive, sexual or antisocial tendencies. . . . It is quite probable that alcohol is more responsible as an agent for crime than is marihuana."

The following facts stand out in social and medical reports:

1. Marihuana is not a habit-forming drug, as is heroin or opium.
2. It prolongs sensations; it is in high favor as an aphrodisiac.
3. It is the most inexpensive of drugs; marihuana cigarettes usually selling at from three to twenty-five cents each.

Song and Story—The story of marihuana cigarettes—commonly called "mooties" or "reefers"—is unparalleled. Practically unheard of in this country a dozen years ago, they are to-day a byword at intimate Hollywood parties, in Bohemian-artistic hang-outs, in the hot spots of New York's Harlem and along Chicago's South Wabash Avenue. It has become a factor in song and story.

Last year, the show "Flying Colors" introduced a song, "Smoking Reefers"; most sensuous of rhumbas is "Marawanna"; over the air *via* Cab Calloway any night may come the Harlem favorite: "That Funny Reefer Man."

"Any time he gets a notion, he can walk across the ocean," from one of the songs, is a fair approximation of the drug's effect, better, perhaps, than the voluminous accounts of the drug's therapeutic properties which appear in the ancient literature of the Chinese, on the clay tablets of the Assyrians, or in histories written by Romans and Greeks. For nearly all modern investigators declare that hemp (marihuana) intoxication is of a nature not suited to any known vocabulary; no two persons have ever recorded identical symptoms.

First Effects—After smoking from one to three "reefers," if one has not been told what to expect, the first effects of the drug pass almost unnoticed—nothing, perhaps, but a slight twitching of muscles of the neck, back or legs. The mind remains calm and clear. Suddenly, without apparent cause, a chance remark—"mootie" smoking is a social pastime—sends the subject into a spasm of violent laughter.

Becoming calm again, while the drug continues to exert its weird effects, the smoker finds ideas crowding through his brain with bewildering rapidity; those around him become slow—dull. Nor is the language of his own tongue swift enough to keep pace with his lightning thoughts.

Soon the self-esteem of the smoker begins to grow in like proportion. He may be a petty clerk in a down-town office by day; but now he looks down with Olympian scorn on the doddering steps, the empty banalities of his boss of some eon long ago.

Teeming Thoughts—Paradoxically, trifling discomforts become unbearable evils; the flare of a match near-by brings a resentment that is immediately transformed into an overwhelming desire for revenge. But before the "reefer man" could possibly climb to his feet, or even reach a hand for a gun or knife, new thoughts have come crowding in. Perhaps the most casual interest in one of the girls present has become passionate love.

Above all other distinguishing effects of marihuana intoxication is the fact that all normal conceptions of time and space are lost.

As in the split-second dream that seems to last the night through, time seems of interminable length; the clock stands still for days.

Fancies—Vision, too, takes on new concepts. Inconsiderable distances become tremendous; the smallest studio-room takes on proportions dwarfing those Hollywood exhibits in exaggeration of a millionaire's ballroom.

An ordinary man or woman becomes beautiful beyond compare.

Yet, throughout the intoxication, there is constant awareness that the strange fancies rushing through the mind are not natural, but purely the effects of the drug; unlike the opium-eater, he is acutely conscious of those about him. He has many of the sensations of the gay "drunk" at the ball.

Parties—While whites often buy "reefers" in Negro night-clubs, planning to smoke them elsewhere, sometimes they manage to gain entrance to a mixed-color party. The most talked of "reefer" parties—excluding those of Hollywood—take place in Harlem. Early in the morning, when night-club singers, musicians and dancers are through work, they gather informally—these affairs apparently are never arranged—and have a few drinks.

With their uncanny power for wheedling melody out of even the worst pianos, it isn't long before the crowd is humming, softly clapping hands or dancing in sensuous rhythms that have never been seen in night-clubs. There is little noise; windows are shut, keeping the smell of smoking weeds away from what might be curious nostrils.

Nor is there any of the yelling, dashing about, playing of crude jokes or physical violence that often accompany alcoholic parties; under the effects of marihuana, one has a dread of all these things. Sensuous pleasure is the beginning and the end:

"Let us enjoy pleasure while we can; pleasure is never long enough"—as Propertius put it.

Facts About Marihuana—Known by many names—hashish, Indian hemp, Indian hay, moota and (incorrectly) loco weed, its scientific name is *cannabis sativa*.

The plant is a big, hardy weed which thrives with little cultivation in almost all temperate and tropical parts of the country.

Supposedly, it was introduced into the United States from Mexico.

In the United States it is cultivated for four purposes: (1) for the fiber out of which rope, twine, cloth and hats are made; (2) for the seed from which a rapidly-drying paint oil is made; (3) as a narcotic in pharmaceutical preparations; (4) as a constituent in commercial bird-seed.

No Federal law obstructs the raising and use of *cannabis sativa;* but thirty-four States and the Territory of Hawaii have statutes regulating the cultivation, sale and possession of marihuana.

Principal consumers in the United States are Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Spaniards, West Indians, East Indians.

Some artists and writers use it—maintain it gives them new concepts of color or plotting.

The price range, from three cents to as high (occasionally) as fifty cents, depends upon (1) the marihuana content of the cigarette; (2) what the traffic will bear.

Wide World

Police burn tons of marihuana in many cities

GLASS PAPERS: Virginia Senator's Journals Roundly Roast Minnesota Democrats

When seventy-eight-year-old Carter Glass rises from his desk in the middle of the Senate Chamber, his colleagues lean forward expectantly. Other Senators who have been lounging in the cloak-room crush their cigar butts and hurry in as word goes 'round that "Glass is speaking." Reporters crowd into the Press Gallery.

Lately, when the gentleman from Virginia clears his throat, out of Congress as well as in, an added expectancy charges the air. Uncompromising Democrats, especially in the South, tire of hearing that Party lines are cracking, that new alinements are forming, that Democrat and Republican are fading labels. How long before the spice of Senator Glass's protest would sharpen the issue of shifting Party allegiances?

Last week, the answer came, not in his husky, rasping voice, but in black print.

Scolds Minnesotans—Highly respected in the journalistic world are the editorial pages of the Carter Glass newspapers in Lynchburg, Virginia, the *News* (morning) and the *Advance* (evening). When Democratic candidates for State offices in Minnesota backed out of a hot, three-cornered fight recently as a friendly gesture to Farmer-Laborites in their fight against the strong Republican forces in the State, the *News* saw red.

"As between the two," it barked, "the *News* prefers the Republicans. It hopes the Republican candidates will be elected and the Farmer-Labor candidates will be defeated. Its own Party's candidates have surrendered. . . ."

The scolding appeared in cold print, but it might have been a tongue-lashing from the white-haired publisher himself, standing beside his Senate desk with a corner of his mouth curled down and a fist waving.

Storm-Center—Vigorous, meaty editorials studded with fighting words are a commonplace to the 9,581 readers who digest the *News* with their coffee and eggs every morning. As far back as 1866, when the paper was founded by Robert E. Withers, it had been a storm-center of local political quarrels.

In 1888, it was bought by young Carter, whose uncle, Robert H. Glass, had enjoyed a hectic career as Editor of the old *Virginia Republican.* The elder Glass had not hesitated to defend his editorial policy in duels and street brawls, and from him Carter inherited the tradition, tenderly fostered through the years, that "the Glasses are game-cocks."

Ignore Radio—As a result of continuous merging, buying out and ruthless expression of opinion about rivals, the *News* and the *Advance* have no competitors in Lynchburg. The spirited rivalry of former days has been replaced by a chip of a different kind. Unsuccessful in their attempt to take over the local independent radio station, WLVA, the papers have adopted the policy of completely ignoring the broadcasting company. The subject of radio has been eliminated from the news columns, and as far as the *News* and *Advance* readers are concerned, WLVA is non-existent.

To-day, under the Editorship of Robert C. and Carter, Jr., nephew and son respectively of the Senator, the papers issue from a modern, three-story fire-proof building containing the last word in mechanical equipment. They employ approximately 100 Lynchburg citizens in all departments.

Stanchly Democratic since they were founded, the *News* and *Advance* advocate the reelection of President Roosevelt—but they have not embraced the New Deal in all its phases. Two years ago, for example, when the NRA was launched on its stormy career, no Blue Eagle rode the masthead of the Glass publications.

Not Alone—In its attack on the strategy of the Minnesota Democrats, the *News* did not fight alone on the Southern front.

"This alliance came just after the President had declared, with vehemence, that he wanted the support of no radicals. . . . The plain truth is that the New Deal policy in this campaign is to do anything to win," declared the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* (Ind.-Dem.).

Said the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* (Dem.): ". . . Not only has the New Deal departed from the faith of our fathers, but it has done much to forfeit all claim to Party regularity."

The *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind.-Dem.) of Norfolk decided, however, that the "Minnesota deal" could be justified on two grounds: "First, both major Parties are working desperately to reach across Party lines and drag in recruits; second, the net result in Minnesota is to leave a reasonably clear division between conservatives and progressives. . . ."

Added the Dallas (Tex.) *News* (Ind.-Dem.): "No one except a Minnesota Republican complains over a trade that seems remarkably expedient. . . ."

What worries Senator Glass, and others like him, more than 1936 expediency is the 1940 potentiality. Has he sounded the signal which will pit old-line Democrats against a new Farmer-Labor Party?

LANDON KEEPS DIGEST POLL MAJORITY

Kansan Has 54 Per Cent., Roosevelt 40, in Narrowing Race

Fifty-four . . . forty . . . fight!

In the semifinal report of THE LITERARY DIGEST'S 1936 Presidential Poll, this slogan of the war party in the 1844 election might well apply.

Gov. Alfred M. Landon leads in thirty-two States, with 54.8 per cent. of the ballots; President Franklin D. Roosevelt holds his sixteen States, with 40.7 per cent.

Lemke is third, with 3.48 per cent., all others share 1.05.

The returns have been steadily catapulting upward, with this eighth count of the survey showing 2,158,739 ballots.

As has been the case for two months, Roosevelt, on the entire vote, again shears off something of the Kansas Governor's advantage. In the fractional change, Landon has slipped from 55.4 to 54.8; correspondingly, the President has risen from 40.1 to 40.7.

Boiling-Point—With election heat nearing the boiling-point, the big city returns are pouring in. In Chicago, where both candidates have spoken, the race is close. Of the 35,017 ballots sent in from the Windy City, the President has 641 more supporters than the Governor. Percentages are 48.4 to 46.5.

Cleveland is another new entry. Here, Roosevelt bags 2,063 votes, or 57.98 per cent. of the 3,558 returns. Enlarged totals from Pittsburgh reveal a fractional increase for the Democrat, still leader in the Smoky City. His lead, however, is cut from last week in Philadelphia and New York City.

Members of that mystery legion—collected as "State Unknown"—now number 13,780.

In these quarters, the Kansan increases his lead from 48.3 per cent. to 49.12, the Democratic column diminishing from 45.7 to 44.96.

Throughout the country, interest in the election has mounted to a fever pitch. Registration indications point to the greatest popular vote ever turned out. Some observers are inclined to believe the figure may reach 47,500,000. Others doubt it will pass 42,000,000.

Vociferous Electorate—Persons who have never previously displayed any interest in politics are now shouting their preferences. What is the cause of this renewed interest? Is it alarm at the policies of the present Administration, distrust of the New Deal, desire for a change, or affirmation of Roosevelt's Government?

Women may be a deciding factor. Washington commentators estimate that 37,303,000 are eligible.

This is virtually one-half of the entire 75,360,000 eligible voters over twenty-one years of age.

But one thing is certain: the unprecedented interest in the registration augurs a hotly contested election.

Some people arrived at the booths in wheel-chairs, others accompanied by nurses, one man showed up in an ambulance. Registration clerks throughout the country also state that the "very old" and the "very young" showed a numerical strength not seen since 1912.

Out of forty-eight States, Landon's lead increased in twenty, decreased in twenty-five, remained absolutely even in three. It decreased substantially only in New York and Illinois, which is occasioned by inclusion of heavy city votes.

State Line-Up—But thirty-two States nevertheless remain in the Republican column; sixteen in the Democratic.

Despite extravagant claims made by campaign leaders and the press of both parties, it is everywhere admitted that an intense fight is in progress. New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska, Missouri and West Virginia waver—one day, claimed by the G.O.P.; the next, by Farley's leaders.

California, once regarded as a certainty for Roosevelt, was turned into a doubtful State last week by Doctor Townsend's notice to his old-age pension followers, urging them to vote, in States where Lemke's name will not appear on the ballots, for Landon. The total number of electoral votes represented by doubtful States is 257, out of the 531. In addition,

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Eighth Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

Electoral Vote		**Landon** 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						**Roosevelt** 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						**Lemke** 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election					
			Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
11	Ala.	**2,978**	1,190	1,262	2	3	397	124	**9,883**	364	8,364	50	1	716	388	**68**	5	49	4	.....	4	6
3	Ariz.	**2,213**	1,349	619	17	.....	119	109	**1,901**	238	1,496	33	.....	66	68	**99**	22	51	7	.....	9	10
9	Ark.	**2,662**	1,316	926	6	9	264	141	**7,457**	225	6,526	15	8	358	325	**136**	14	97	4	3	8	10
22	Calif.	**86,913**	63,497	15,692	303	52	3,382	3,987	**75,148**	14,680	52,158	1,762	61	3,430	3,057	**4,877**	1,593	2,500	116	25	152	491
6	Colo.	**15,377**	11,436	2,622	128	12	609	570	**9,667**	1,677	7,007	279	12	412	280	**564**	133	324	29	2	24	52
8	Conn.	**12,954**	10,410	1,474	34	5	523	508	**4,796**	903	3,315	144	3	248	183	**443**	86	291	15	.....	18	33
3	Del.	**2,534**	2,042	274	9	.....	113	96	**1,798**	438	1,182	32	.....	86	60	**29**	5	16	2	.....	2	4
7	Fla.	**5,842**	3,002	1,976	13	5	561	285	**8,356**	612	6,718	41	.....	587	398	**192**	36	115	6	2	11	22
12	Ga.	**3,816**	1,202	1,751	5	11	682	165	**12,589**	364	10,129	40	9	1,518	529	**35**	3	23	1	.....	6	2
4	Idaho	**3,553**	2,605	671	9	8	99	161	**2,509**	378	1,915	30	7	86	93	**218**	69	106	7	10	8	18
29	Ill.	**88,021**	62,648	17,547	404	58	3,801	3,563	**46,693**	8,841	32,852	876	31	2,263	1,830	**3,812**	723	2,504	101	13	160	311
14	Ind.	**41,922**	31,260	7,480	132	49	1,244	1,757	**26,111**	4,418	19,835	295	19	696	848	**2,124**	466	1,326	62	11	70	189
11	Iowa	**31,289**	22,424	6,044	131	25	1,226	1,439	**18,246**	3,126	13,355	248	14	798	705	**2,789**	552	1,809	85	11	83	249
9	Kans.	**34,564**	24,710	6,333	143	15	1,415	1,948	**19,702**	4,068	13,732	250	11	816	825	**890**	225	473	52	1	41	98
11	Ky.	**12,767**	8,566	2,799	31	14	754	603	**15,886**	1,523	13,010	92	5	668	588	**705**	67	533	23	.....	30	52
10	La.	**3,570**	1,317	1,681	9	3	379	181	**7,719**	435	6,266	37	.....	670	311	**826**	34	657	23	2	52	58
5	Maine	**11,189**	8,206	1,496	25	33	675	754	**5,106**	607	3,654	37	1	276	531	**398**	62	263	3	2	39	29
8	Md.	**16,815**	9,400	4,494	106	2	1,428	1,385	**17,802**	1,824	13,171	322	5	1,305	1,175	**590**	56	402	21	1	32	78
17	Mass.	**77,439**	62,673	8,890	282	22	2,741	2,831	**22,607**	4,386	15,314	653	14	1,407	833	**4,783**	871	3,260	117	2	198	335
19	Mich.	**49,384**	36,983	8,289	270	20	1,995	1,827	**24,515**	4,837	16,666	708	25	1,386	893	**3,237**	652	2,062	122	3	119	279
11	Minn.	**30,111**	21,938	5,815	107	3	931	1,317	**20,324**	3,620	14,567	504	21	834	778	**5,305**	785	3,804	114	14	147	441
9	Miss.	**826**	263	384	1	.....	133	45	**5,986**	85	5,313	8	1	291	288	**42**	5	31	1	.....	2	3
15	Mo.	**48,790**	32,743	10,875	239	44	2,870	2,019	**37,216**	4,325	29,795	441	15	1,413	1,227	**2,295**	315	1,624	72	4	116	164
4	Mont.	**4,298**	3,195	792	22	.....	129	160	**3,387**	618	2,404	90	1	143	131	**205**	55	104	12	1	6	27
7	Neb.	**17,835**	12,135	4,134	98	7	658	803	**11,470**	1,633	8,817	172	1	406	441	**840**	153	579	31	2	17	58
3	Nevada	**972**	643	262	.....	.....	31	36	**927**	158	693	2	.....	42	32	**34**	9	20	.....	.....	4	1
4	N.H.	**8,588**	6,980	1,010	21	.....	241	336	**2,502**	414	1,841	43	1	106	97	**352**	79	227	5	.....	17	24
16	N.J.	**57,490**	44,434	8,460	246	17	2,311	2,022	**27,076**	5,375	18,269	1,013	14	1,514	891	**2,402**	437	1,604	87	1	98	175
3	N.M.	**1,587**	980	431	7	1	78	90	**1,614**	206	1,258	24	.....	62	64	**53**	12	33	1	2	2	3
47	N.Y.	**146,448**	104,561	29,101	700	43	6,132	5,911	**119,548**	16,244	85,659	3,556	116	8,707	5,266	**12,971**	1,964	9,173	269	16	554	995
13	N.C.	**5,768**	3,322	1,578	31	5	539	293	**15,665**	779	13,242	112	5	893	634	**34**	5	19	3	.....	4	3
4	N.Dak.	**4,144**	2,725	1,121	15	1	104	178	**3,581**	673	2,622	28	2	96	160	**1,070**	185	716	31	5	26	107
26	Ohio	**70,046**	52,320	12,129	368	60	2,378	2,791	**42,052**	7,771	30,132	1,048	34	1,772	1,295	**7,009**	1,387	4,630	216	14	289	473
11	Okla.	**14,139**	8,210	4,175	29	3	1,022	700	**14,799**	1,271	12,159	52	2	669	646	**215**	35	143	9	.....	9	19
5	Ore.	**11,296**	8,262	1,929	66	5	503	531	**10,570**	1,896	7,397	291	7	540	439	**640**	194	302	45	7	30	62
36	Pa.	**115,393**	83,828	19,442	528	112	6,172	5,311	**78,324**	13,993	54,170	1,293	54	5,482	3,332	**7,279**	1,084	4,927	185	10	448	625
4	R.I.	**9,634**	7,547	1,179	29	5	478	396	**3,198**	544	2,275	82	.....	182	115	**725**	129	503	11	3	28	51
8	S.C.	**1,185**	205	622	2	.....	286	70	**6,761**	92	5,665	4	6	660	334	**17**	1	10	1	.....	2	3
4	S.Dak.	**8,277**	5,573	2,048	39	14	237	366	**4,358**	812	3,220	46	5	120	155	**752**	120	529	19	10	16	58
11	Tenn.	**9,342**	5,483	2,221	27	30	1,095	486	**18,812**	1,334	14,760	119	33	1,795	771	**91**	13	58	2	.....	10	8
23	Texas	**15,014**	6,163	6,640	43	3	1,512	653	**36,905**	1,817	30,781	144	5	2,605	1,553	**547**	58	406	13	1	28	41
4	Utah	**3,847**	2,748	804	18	.....	147	130	**5,072**	899	3,764	66	4	180	159	**112**	29	61	8	.....	3	11
3	Vt.	**6,735**	5,424	767	17	2	213	312	**2,281**	466	1,627	36	.....	74	78	**162**	43	86	2	.....	17	14
11	Va.	**9,611**	5,343	2,692	54	17	1,110	395	**15,822**	1,032	12,611	138	13	1,410	618	**72**	17	36	3	.....	8	8
8	Wash.	**20,432**	14,182	4,593	64	28	766	799	**14,632**	2,168	10,927	268	53	678	538	**658**	163	360	27	26	30	52
8	W. Va.	**13,031**	9,595	2,476	28	14	393	525	**9,721**	1,204	7,833	49	10	282	343	**185**	44	115	4	1	9	12
12	Wis.	**32,457**	21,679	8,174	151	9	1,081	1,363	**19,766**	2,961	14,854	555	3	745	648	**3,504**	392	2,615	111	.....	107	279
3	Wyo.	**2,440**	1,781	484	12	1	79	83	**1,471**	232	1,099	25	.....	60	55	**77**	22	45	1	1	4	4
	State Unknown	**6,769**	4,500	1,349	32	5	232	651	**6,195**	877	4,478	91	7	203	539	**656**	121	387	23	1	26	98
531	Total	**1,182,307**	842,998	228,007	5,053	775	54,268	51,206	**878,526**	127,443	648,897	16,244	639	49,756	35,547	**75,119**	13,530	50,008	2,106	207	3,123	6,145

several other States are said to be on the fence.

John D. M. Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, declared in Chicago that Landon would "carry every State north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi—and that includes Wisconsin. And also eight or ten States west of the Mississippi will more than take care of the balance of vote necessary."

Asked what he thought of The Literary Digest Poll, he replied:

"I feel about it just as Jim Farley did in 1932, when he said that The Digest poll was a very reliable barometer of political trends."

The following day in Chicago also appeared James A. Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He had something else to say about the race as a retort to his opponent.

"I will tell you fellows the truth," he stated. "It might seem to you like a poker game and pure bluff. But here is the real low-down—President Roosevelt will carry at least forty-three States, all that he had in 1932, and Pennsylvania. I am told by our leaders that Delaware and Connecticut will be ours.

"If that is so, he will be elected by the largest electoral vote in American history, and Landon defeated almost as badly as Mr. Taft was in 1912. You see, there will be only three chips, Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire, left after we take our divvy."

Positive Stands—Followers of the two candidates on their stopovers at several of the larger cities were amazed at the lack of "on-the-fencers."

Voters in Chicago, particularly seem to have made up their minds and the political speeches of Landon and Roosevelt appeared less as strategic meetings than as pep rallies.

Virtually four-fifths of Governor Landon's audience of 25,000 on October 9 wore sunflower buttons. President Roosevelt found the same partizanship among Democratic supporters when he spoke on the 14th.

National Jeffersonian Democrats, headquarters in St. Louis, were whipped into renewed activity by the focal position of Missouri in the campaign. With offices in twenty-four States, this two-month-old organization now hopes to gather one-half of the Republican vote which, in 1932, deserted Hoover.

Buoyed by their success in the Maine primaries, the Jeffersonians hope to swing enough votes from New Deal forces to put Landon in office.

Minnesota—One of the more perplexing scenes of electioneering is Minnesota. There, the regularly nominated Democratic candidates for Governor and Senator withdrew from the race in favor of the Farmer-Labor platform. "Pure Socialism," thundered Col. Frank Knox, challenging President Roosevelt to state whether or not he stood behind the change.

Political advisers in St. Paul deduced some clever work on the part of the Democrats in this move, aimed primarily at reducing the vote claimed by the Coughlin-Lemke forces.

There is the possibility, nevertheless, that the shift may react unfavorably to the New Deal if the people of Minnesota become alarmed by the persistent charges of Communism and the like now being leveled at Washington by the Chicago *Tribune* and the Hearst press.

And there is an even greater possibility that the strategy will have repercussions in the traditionally Solid South, where already three great Democratic newspapers, led by Senator Carter Glass's Lynchburg (Va.) *News*, have sounded the rumblings of revolt. (See page 11.)

Republicans feel confident of Michigan and Ohio.

Landon's address in Grand Rapids, Henry Ford's indorsement of him as a candidate, strong Republican allegiance of the farm vote and the natural State preference, all show G.O.P. strength.

Farley does not share the opinion that Ohio will go Republican. He points out the tremendous Roosevelt strength in the five largest industrial centers of the Buckeye State as indicated by the registration. But the countryside has turned out overwhelmingly Republican, and it will be nip and tuck to the end for the State's twenty-six electoral votes.

An enormous registration of voters from both parties and recurrent rumors of scandal in WPA fund handling have thrown Pennsylvania into an uncertain position. Here again, Republicans claim a large plurality in suburban and farming districts, while New Dealers are delighted with their strength in the cities.

Wisconsin—In Wisconsin, the Left Coalition—the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation—is backing President Roosevelt and Gov. Philip F. La Follette. In 1932, the Democrats carried this State by 360,000 majority. But from early surmises, few observers believe any such strength will be shown this year. On the other hand, the conservatives of both parties are split, and the Republican organization was late in deciding how to recapture prestige in the State.

The farmers, particularly, are said to be incensed at the present Administration for the trade treaty with Canada.

"If Roosevelt carries Milwaukee by as much as two to one," said a Milwaukee editor, "it's an even-money bet that he will carry the State."

With the campaign in full swing, the air filled with political bitterness, accusations and extravagant statements, the voter is left to decide.

Other Candidates—Of the other candidates in this semifinal report of the Poll, Lemke has 75,119 votes for his Union Party.

Norman Thomas, Socialist, follows with 10,441; Earl Browder, Communist, 7,767; D. Leigh Colvin, Prohibitionist, 3,538; John W. Aiken, Socialist-Labor, 584; all others, 457.

Lemke's name will not appear on the ballot in Florida, Kansas, Maryland, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, Oklahoma, West Virginia, California, and possibly some other States. To date, his name has been properly filed in only thirty-two States.

So, The Literary Digest Presidential Poll for 1936 is drawing to its close. One more report—the final—and the count will be in.

Starting September 5, Landon leaped to the front with 16,056 to Roosevelt's 7,654 from four States: Maine, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. His percentage was 65.0 to the President's 31.0.

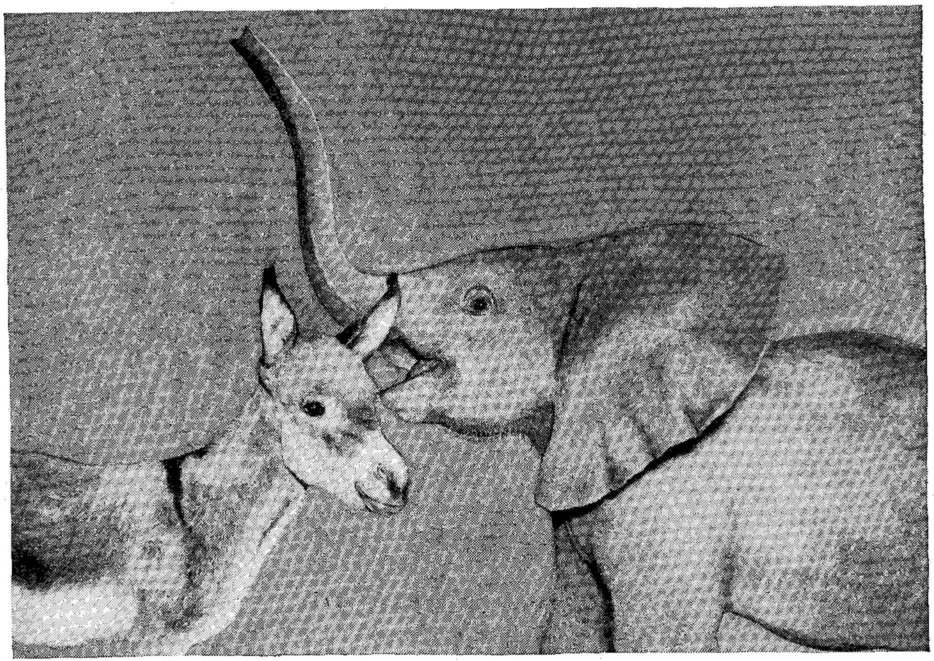
At the half-way mark, the Kansan's lead had been cut to 58.4 against Roosevelt's 36.8.

This week, the score reads: Landon 54.8; Roosevelt, 40.7.

Fifty-four . . . forty . . . fight!

MINOR CANDIDATES

States	Thomas 1936 Votes	Browder 1936 Votes	Colvin 1936 Votes	Aiken 1936 Votes	Others 1936 Votes	Totals	Grand Total Votes By States	States
Alabama	33	3	26	......	......	62	12,991	Alabama
Arizona	22	23	13	......	......	58	4,271	Arizona
Arkansas	35	5	21	2	5	68	10,323	Arkansas
California	700	938	388	44	60	2,130	169,068	California
Colorado	118	47	40	10	10	225	25,833	Colorado
Connecticut	93	33	16	11	8	161	18,354	Connecticut
Delaware	12	2	7	......	1	22	4,383	Delaware
Florida	58	21	29	6	2	116	14,506	Florida
Georgia	45	12	27	......	17	101	16,541	Georgia
Idaho	31	3	17	1	3	55	6,335	Idaho
Illinois	490	362	149	29	17	1,047	139,573	Illinois
Indiana	212	68	154	13	12	459	70,616	Indiana
Iowa	171	45	107	12	5	340	52,664	Iowa
Kansas	154	38	106	4	3	305	55,461	Kansas
Kentucky	70	22	57	4	7	160	29,518	Kentucky
Louisiana	83	26	36	......	6	151	12,266	Louisiana
Maine	50	11	3	1	5	70	16,763	Maine
Maryland	129	79	30	11	5	254	35,461	Maryland
Massachusetts	465	267	64	35	24	855	105,684	Massachusetts
Michigan	492	142	112	19	4	769	77,905	Michigan
Minnesota	368	158	176	29	12	743	56,483	Minnesota
Mississippi	18	6	16	......	1	41	6,895	Mississippi
Missouri	450	94	101	16	13	674	88,975	Missouri
Montana	54	9	17	......	2	82	7,972	Montana
Nebraska	76	34	41	1	4	156	30,301	Nebraska
Nevada	9	5	3	......	1	18	1,951	Nevada
New Hampshire	46	16	12	......	......	74	11,516	New Hampshire
New Jersey	593	360	86	23	24	1,086	88,054	New Jersey
New Mexico	12	3	7	......	......	22	3,276	New Mexico
New York	1,964	3,552	337	110	74	6,037	285,004	New York
North Carolina	54	8	47	1	4	114	21,581	North Carolina
North Dakota	40	13	29	......	1	83	8,878	North Dakota
Ohio	491	194	225	53	22	985	120,092	Ohio
Oklahoma	132	17	62	11	3	225	29,378	Oklahoma
Oregon	156	44	72	13	12	297	22,803	Oregon
Pennsylvania	1,007	589	357	62	30	2,045	203,041	Pennsylvania
Rhode Island	64	41	13	7	1	126	13,683	Rhode Island
South Carolina	11	13	20	......	7	51	8,014	South Carolina
South Dakota	43	26	24	2	3	98	13,485	South Dakota
Tennessee	76	18	60	2	......	156	28,401	Tennessee
Texas	185	47	85	9	14	340	52,806	Texas
Utah	43	12	12	......	5	72	9,103	Utah
Vermont	41	5	11	......	2	59	9,237	Vermont
Virginia	79	29	55	3	3	169	25,674	Virginia
Washington	177	132	86	22	13	430	36,152	Washington
West Virginia	60	7	39	......	4	110	23,047	West Virginia
Wisconsin	656	151	90	10	6	913	56,640	Wisconsin
Wyoming	10	2	1	......	......	13	4,001	Wyoming
State Unknown	63	35	52	8	2	160	13,780	State Unknown
Total	10,441	7,767	3,538	584	457	22,787	2,158,739	**Total**



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Donkey and elephant whisper to each other . . . but this is no whispering campaign

FURIOUS POLITICS: Armies of Orators and Hurricanes of Pamphlets Appeal to Voters

"Isn't it . . . the most cock-eyed campaign you ever saw?"—Alfred M. Landon.

"I get a lot of amusement, I was going to say a big kick, out of this campaign."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Yet slice the campaign down the middle, examine a cross-section, and it will look much like any other campaign—cock-eyed in spots, amusing in spots, neither in spots, but typically American all through. Nothing is more typical than the speechmaking.

Last week, every stump in the land groaned under the weight of an orator. Cabinet members, Congressmen, run-of-the-mine spellbinders by battalions leaped to their feet, opened their mouths and let go for Roosevelt or Landon (or lesser fry). The Democratic Party alone had 35,000 speakers in the field; 4,000 trumpeting and gesturing for the National Committee, 1,000 for State Committees, 30,000 for County Committees.

Pace-Setters—The star performers, of course, were the Presidential candidates. Both went whirlwinding through the Middle West, shaking hands, waving hats to crowds, and speaking, face to face or face to microphone, to millions.

On an eleven-car campaign train, President Roosevelt swung through thirteen States, delivering half a hundred talks from the rear platform and at least one formal speech a day. St. Paul, Cheyenne, Denver, Chicago and points east heard him defend his policies. The famous Roosevelt "My friends" phrase even rang out in Landon's Kansas.

Governor Landon barnstormed half as far, 2,500 miles. In a somewhat improved speaking voice, at Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and way stations, he tore the New Deal to tatters, while bands blared "O, Susanna" and—a cock-eyed touch symbolizing Al Smith's bolt—"The Sidewalks of New York." Just outside Grand Rapids, the Sunflower Special passed the Roosevelt Special, without casualties.

So much for the stars.

Running Mates—As for the satellites: Frank Knox butted into the Democratic South. John Garner confronted a microphone in his living-room at Uvalde, Texas, and made his one speech of the campaign. William Lemke stumped through the Southwest; Doctor Townsend plumped for Landon in States which bar Lemke from the ballot; Father Coughlin had a physical brush with a reporter at Providence, Rhode Island, and Sam W. Gumpertz, manager of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, said this was a great year for the circus. People seem to be in the mood.

Never for a moment was the citizen permitted to forget that he was also a voter.

If he opened his newspaper, he read—politics. A single press service, the United Press, sent out 10,000 words a day on national politics alone. All newspapers packed their columns with politics; Party headquarters shot it at them in streams—news pictures, news stories, feature stories, fillers, editorials.

If the citizen turned on his radio, he heard—politics. Perhaps one of the candidates, or T. V. Smith speaking for the Democrats, or William Hard for the Republicans. The two major Parties spent no money for radio time until 1928, but this year they will spend at least $1,500,000.

If he hopped into his car to get away from it all, he saw on every side—politics. Men walked the streets wearing Landon sunflower emblems in their lapels, or red, white and blue buttons proclaiming, "I Want Roosevelt Again." Cars sped past him plastered with Roosevelt and Landon automobile-stickers. Across his path cut auto-caravans, buses or trailers, complete with receiving sets, amplifying-apparatus, movie equipment and political speakers. Passing slogans advised him: "Landon and Knox—Restore the American Government to the American People"; or "For Opportunity, Security and Freedom, Reelect Roosevelt and Garner."

If he reached into his pocket, he felt the pressure of—politics. The Party Committees cheerfully accept anything they can get; a dollar from the man in the street for an automobile-plate inscribed "Forward with Roosevelt" or $105,000 from Lammot du Pont to retire Roosevelt to private life.

What will come out of it all; where will it end? If the harassed citizen turned to prophecy, he discovered—politics, again.

Governor Landon, prophesied Republican Chairman Hamilton, will carry every State north and east of the Mississippi.

Mr. Roosevelt, prophesied Democratic Chairman Farley, will carry forty-five States—"There will be only three chips, Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire, left after we take our divvy."

LABOR DEADLOCK: Green Proffers Olive-Branch, But Lewis Is Adamant

November, 1935—John L. Lewis resigns from the Vice-Presidency of the A. F. L. and sets out to organize mass-production workers through a new Committee for Industrial Organization.

August, 1936—A. F. L. takes a deep breath and suspends the ten C.I.O. unions supporting Lewis.

Last week, Labor's crucial drama moved into its third act. At the suggestion of stocky, energetic Max Zaritsky, a C.I.O. organizer and President of the Cap and Millinery Workers, President William Green of the A. F. L. appointed a subcommittee of three to help patch Labor's wounds. On it were Matthew Woll, President of the Photoengravers Union; George M. Harrison of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks; Felix H. Knight of the Railway Carmen of America. Lewis dourly refused to follow Green's example.

From the stalemate which thus arose, the following figures emerged as strategists who, besides Messrs. Green and Lewis, will chart the destiny of American labor:

William L. Hutcheson, who got a hard wallop on the jaw from John Lewis at the A. F. L. Convention in Atlantic City last year. Some say he has not forgiven the miner. Others insist that, except for differences over policy, the two are as friendly now as when they worked together for the election of Calvin Coolidge.

Six feet tall and well groomed, Hutcheson looks more like a business executive than a labor leader. He is bitterly opposed to the industrial union idea and has threatened to lead the 300,000 members of his powerful Carpenters and Joiners Union out of the Federation if the suspension order against the C.I.O. is rescinded.

Matthew Woll, short, dapper Third Vice-President of the Federation, who owes much of his prominence in the labor field to Samuel Gompers. The late leader of the A. F. L. took a liking to the aggressive, smooth-talking Hungarian emigrant and pulled him up to the position of "Crown Prince" of the Federation. To-day, business looks with a kindly eye on this little dandy in bat-wing collar and bow-tie. He is labor's compromiser. In the present controversy, he urges both sides to retreat a little.

Felix H. Knight, whose appointment to the compromise subcommittee is a good indication of his character and temperament. He is quiet and ingratiating. He neither drinks nor smokes. He dislikes card games. In Kansas City, Missouri, his headquarters, he conducts a Sunday

School class. Forty years a labor-union man, he is a middle-of-the-roader as far as the Green-Lewis dispute goes.

Max Zaritsky, who, as a young man in charge of his father's wheat-farm in Russia, organized the workers and went on strike until he got a five-day week. To-day, he stands out among labor-union leaders as one of the few who also advocate unions of employers. Only with industry closely organized on both sides can collective bargaining be really effective, he says. Among union men, Zaritsky is considered one of the shrewdest leaders in labor circles.

David Dubinsky, another C.I.O. organizer, who at forty-four is one of the youngest union leaders. President of the strong Ladies' Garment Workers Union (membership 230,000), he was an active Socialist until last spring, when he broke with the Party because he felt that it was alining itself too closely with the Communists, whom he calls "the eternal enemy of the American trade-union movement." He is working hand-in-hand with Zaritsky for a compromise.

John Brophy, who as a young man of twenty-three fought the "scabs" in the famous coal strike in Cambria County, Pennsylvania, in 1906. The privations he suffered then convinced him of the necessity of labor-unions. A stanch admirer of Lewis, he decided long ago that the craft-union idea was obsolete and that only through industrial unions, such as his own United Mine Workers, could the mass-production industries be effectively organized.

To-day, in a modest house in North Pittsburgh, he indulges one hobby—reading. Economics and the class struggle are his pet subjects; Henry Danforth Lloyd, Henry George, two of his favorite authors. In or out of the A. F. L., he will fight bitterly for industrial unionism. At present he is Director of the C.I.O.

SPEED CURB: Reckless Drivers in New York Forced to Use Governors on Their Cars

Speeding up a hill at fifty-five miles an hour, a motorist "stepped on it" as he cleared the crest. In a few seconds, his car was swooping downward at seventy. Then he lost control, hit a wagon. The toll: three dead.

Convicted of recklessness and deprived of his license, that man to-day is driving his car again by virtue of a special dispensation by Charles A. Harnett, New York State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, but is compelled to use a governor on the carburetor which enables him to creep along at not more than twenty-five miles an hour. Likewise with five other New York State speeders who caused accidents.

Clashing Views—Their cases and the action of Commissioner Harnett in restoring limited licenses have kicked up a storm in motordom. Some indorse the Commissioner's action; others denounce it. Thus:

"The present situation is an emergency. The ever-increasing rate of accidents compels us to take drastic action. If placing a governor on a car will reduce accidents, by all means let us do this."—C. M. Hayes, President of the Chicago Motor Club and Editor of *Motor News*.

"Agitation for use of governors on cars is unwarranted and absurd. It would reduce power and ability to accelerate when emergency requires, thereby causing accidents. Governing to low speed would increase road-moping and cause cutting out of line, thereby increasing hazards. Speed alone does not cause accidents."—*The Automobilist* (Boston), official publication of the Automobile Legal Association.

New Danger Charged—While the American Automobile Association has never taken official action, its President, Thomas P. Henry, of Detroit, did not hesitate to condemn the use of governors. Speaking for himself, "and the great majority of our officers and directors," he said:

"The experiment is fraught with dangers and serious complications. . . . It is thoroughly un-American to penalize all members driving a family car, simply because one member had run foul of the law. . . . Experience has shown that mechanical governors can be readily tampered with. . . . This whole effort is in my opinion in the wrong direction, since it is directed at the car rather than at the driver."

Legal Authority—In granting permission to the six convicted motorists to drive with governors on their cars, Commissioner Harnett acted under a State law giving him discretionary powers.

Use of governors for automobiles is by no means new. But in only two States—Alabama and Kentucky—is their use provided for by law. Alabama's statute provides for governors on vehicles more than thirty-six feet long. In Kentucky, motor-trucks and semitrailers must have them, fixed at varying speeds from twenty-five to forty miles an hour.

A common type of governor is a simple valve device, affixed to the carburetor to regulate the intake of gasoline. Another motor type of control acts upon the transmission. For years, major truck fleets have equipped their trucks with these mechanisms. Some of the largest bus lines in the country also employ such controls.

Dials and Nails—As an alternative to the carburetor-regulating type of governor, engineers suggest that speedometers should come with different color-zones around the dial; that is, a green area indicative of speeds from one to thirty miles an hour, yellow or orange from thirty to fifty and red for fifty and more. These suggested colors correspond to the go, caution and stop lights of electric traffic signals.

Turkey has its own simplified form of governor for careless speeders—indignant policemen toss nail-studded planks in the reckless one's path. The Yugoslavian policeman, however, halts the motorist, then proceeds carefully to let all the air out of the tires. There's nothing for the culprit to do but get out his hand-pump and go to work. When he's finished, he has recognized the extent of his misdemeanor.

OUR WEEK

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Under a warm sun, with a steady wind blowing, arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, with the blue hills standing out in the distance. Fifty-second birthday. Stacks of letters, telegrams and brightly wrapped presents. All opened before going to church. Attended the service in a smart black wool and satin suit, broad-brimmed black hat trimmed with shining black wings, a just-arrived gardenia corsage and handsome new fur neckpiece—birthday token of the President.

Then to Fort Francis E. Warren parade grounds. During course of ceremonies was publicly felicitated by Mr. Roosevelt. Two more corsages—orchids and roses. Then came a large basket of brown chrysanthemums. Mayris Chaney, San Francisco dancer, flew from San Francisco, bringing a dress goods bolt of blue and a water-color sketch. In the evening, officials of the Union Pacific Railroad sent over a large birthday cake.

Next morning, Colorado. Snow-capped mountains and jagged peaks in the distance. First time in Greeley since 1920.

Eastward Swing—Then eastward with the Presidential train. Syracuse, Garden City, Dodge City, Emporia. Talked with women in Colorado and Kansas and noted greatest interest ever of women in campaign and election. On to Kansas City. Refused to appear on back platform at midnight, leaving all speeches and solo appearances to the President on this trip. Started reading Fannie Hurst's book "Great Laughter."

Drove along the water-front of St. Louis, where memorial highway is planned. On to Chicago. Talked to taxi-driver *en route* to Blackstone Hotel. He agreed people were better dressed than in 1932. Old friends arrived with greetings. Freeman Gosden (Amos of Amos 'n' Andy) offered his car to get back to train.

Arrived at Grand Rapids next morning at 9:30. Only had time for orange-juice, slept late—consequently, no coffee. Drove around city and back in train by 11. On to Detroit.

On to Ohio and back to Hyde Park.

* * *

Mrs. Alfred M. Landon

Guest of honor at the fortieth anniversary luncheon meeting of the Topeka Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Only recently joined organization; ancestry goes back to John Vincent, a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary Forces.

Accepted engagements to deliver greetings to two women's political organizations working in behalf of Mr. Landon's candidacy for the Presidency. Gave short message to a dinner meeting of the Landon's Business Women's League.

After the dinner joined 540 women singing "Landon Is the Man" to the tune of "Jingle Bells." Then spoke and was enrolled as an honorary member of the League. First participation in women's political organization working in behalf of the Governor. When the other women sang "How Do You Do, Mrs. Landon, How Are You?"—replied, "I know a little bit now, how the Governor feels when he goes out to make a speech." Then added: "Women do have their influence, and I feel that it is just such organizations as this that will mold Government in the future."

Two days later, spoke at the first meeting of the Topeka unit of the Independent Coalition of American Women. Mrs. Mabel Jacques Eickel, National Director of the Independent Coalition, who introduced Alfred E. Smith at the organization's New York meeting, October 1, when he indorsed Mr. Landon, was the principal speaker.

CONTROVERSY RAGES OVER COLONIES

Germany Demands Possessions, But Can't Prove They'd Pay

Like Rachel mourning for her children, Germany has never ceased to bewail her lost colonies. At Versailles, the Peace Conferees stripped the Empire of a million square miles of territory and 12,000,000 black and yellow subjects.

In that heyday of phrasemakers, the Allied argument ran that the "Huns" were unworthy to execute the "sacred trust of civilization" represented by peoples still unable to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world. So the chief debaters—Britain, Australia, the Union of South Africa, New Zealand, France, Belgium and Japan—rushed to administer the colonies under League mandate.

Threat—Only last week, Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's party deputy and spokesman, echoed the demand which has rasped through a hundred of the Leader's speeches. Unless Germany gets her colonies back, Hess threatened, she will disrupt international trade by dumping her exports on the world market.

He spoke in blissful disregard of a controversy now raging through the world: Do colonies pay?

Controversy—It is fashionable to pretend they do not, particularly in Britain, which might possibly return some of her World War colonial gains as the price of peace in Europe. The argument dates back to Prince Otto von Bismarck, who classed dependencies with the "silken sables in the noble families of Poland, who have no shirts to their backs." In spite of him, Germany acquired East Africa, now Britain's Tanganyika and Belgium's Ruanda-Urundi; Southwest Africa, now a mandate of the South African Union; and the Cameroons and Togoland, which France and Britain share. Germany also wangled 1,400 South Sea islands, a slice of China, and other strategic Far Eastern possessions currently controlled by Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

Tho Bismarck held the entire colonial empire less valuable than the bones of one Pomeranian *Grenadier*, these initial conquests and the suppression of native rebellions caused the death of 300,000 Negroes and thousands of Germans.

Pro—In favor of colonies, the traditional arguments—less sentimental than the Iron Chancellor's—fall into four classes:

1. Colonies provide an outlet for surplus population.
2. They furnish a market for exports.
3. They supply invaluable raw materials.
4. They offer unrivaled opportunity for protected investments.

Sixty million Germans, crowded into the Reich at the rate of 363 to a square mile as opposed to the French population ratio of 196, long for the 910,000 sprawling square miles they used to own in Africa. Yet opponents of imperialism point out that tho Germany had nearly 12,000,000 subjects there before the War, only 20,000 of her citizens had left the Fatherland as colonists. Most of the dependencies have steaming climates and endless tropical rainy seasons; in unhealthy Togoland, the dry, hot wind from the Sahara smothers the savannas with fine red dust. In fact, of all Germany's ex-colonies, Tanganyika alone is suited to colonization, and it never attracted German emigrants like Yorkville, New York City.

Con—Lost Africa, antiimperialists insist, would never solve the Reich's population problem. In fact, even prominent Nazis hope to solve it nearer home. "Racial honor demands territory and enough of it," Alfred Rosenberg, party foreign affairs expert, wrote. "In such a struggle there can be no consideration for worthless Poles, Czechs, *etc.* Ground must be cleared for German peasants."

Attacking colonies as outlets for exports, Nathaniel Peffer said in *Harpers:* "Trade no longer follows the flag. It goes to the most efficient producer regardless of nationality; to the producer, that is, who can lay down goods of quality equal to others, at a lower price and on easier credit conditions."

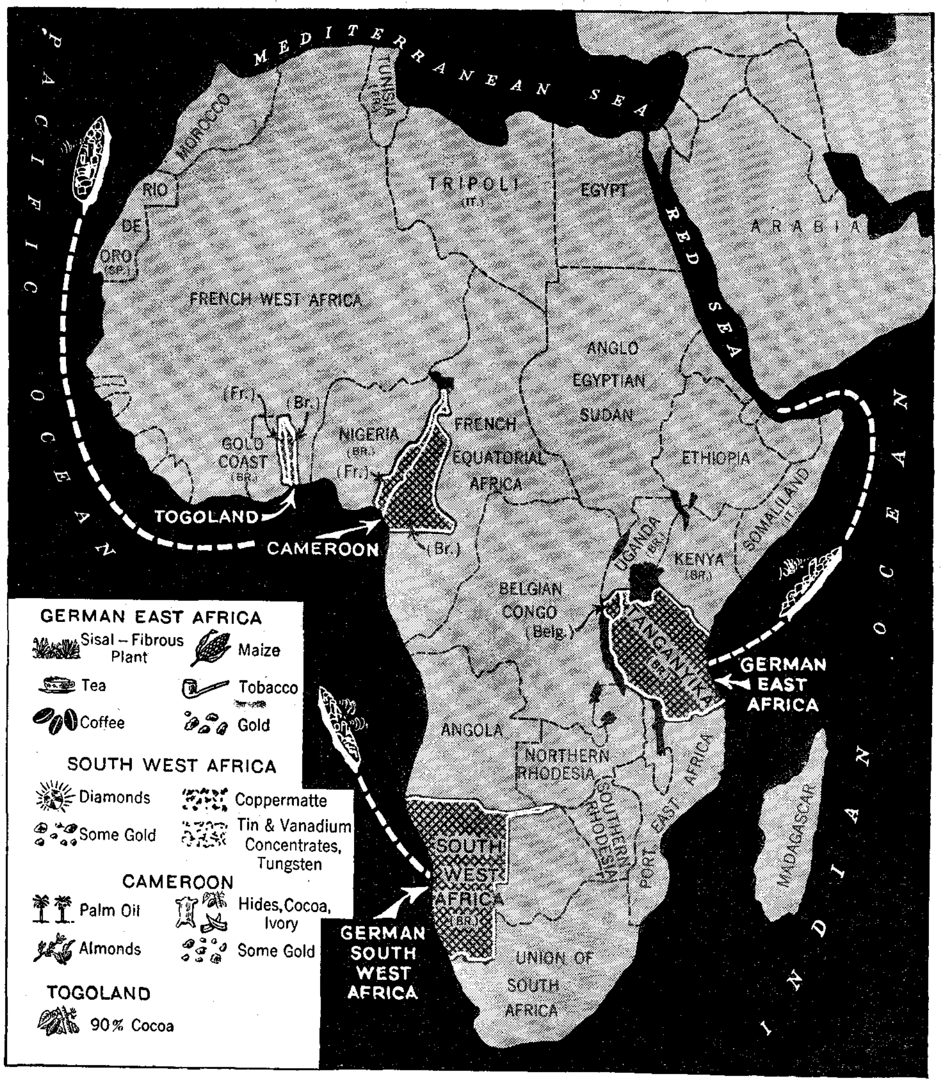
Hustling Japan—Thus Britons sadly insist that not they, but the Japanese, supply practically all of Tanganyika's artificial silk, that in 1933 Japan sold more textiles to British India's white-robed millions than British salesmen could.

German statisticians, however, say the colonies bought one-fourth of all their purchases from the mother country, only 3.2 per cent. from the Reich. France, at least, still does good business with her possessions. Before the War, they consumed 15.95 per cent. of her manufactured exports. The percentage has jumped to 37.24, an amazing figure, considering that the French possessions are almost entirely tropical and thinly populated.

Antiimperialists have even greater difficulty in their efforts to demolish the third argument—that colonies assure an adequate supply of raw materials. In peacetime it is true that oil, rubber and cotton are available to any Power that has the price. Britain gets most of her supplies from the Dominions and foreign countries, not her own dependencies.

Germany, however, has not got the price for the international market. To obtain the vast supplies demanded by her rearmament program, she has vigorously restricted the use of her currency abroad, soothing the people who complain of a food shortage with a "cannon instead of butter" slogan.

Uneconomical—The South African colonies, tho, could not make Germany economically independent. Her lost territories produce only 7,000 tons of cotton a year, and the Reich imports 337,000. She buys 60,000 tons of rubber, thirty times the amount one-time German Africa has to sell. Cocoa, coffee and oil tell the same story. In fact, the colonies could appreciably help the mother country only with mineral phosphates and sisal, the fibrous plant from which rope is made. Germany imports


MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
MOROCCO
RIO DE ORO (SP.)
TUNISIA (FR.)
TRIPOLI (IT.)
EGYPT
RED SEA
ARABIA
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
ANGLO EGYPTIAN SUDAN
(Fr.)
(Br.)
GOLD COAST (BR.)
NIGERIA (BR.)
(Fr.)
FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA
ETHIOPIA
SOMALILAND (IT.)
TOGOLAND
CAMEROON
(Br.)
UGANDA (BR.)
KENYA (BR.)
BELGIAN CONGO (Belg.)
TANGANYIKA (BR.)
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
ANGOLA
NORTHERN RHODESIA
SOUTHERN RHODESIA
PORT. EAST AFRICA
MADAGASCAR
SOUTH WEST AFRICA (BR.)
GERMAN SOUTH WEST AFRICA
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
INDIAN OCEAN
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
Sisal – Fibrous Plant
Maize
Tea
Tobacco
Coffee
Gold
SOUTH WEST AFRICA
Diamonds
Coppermatte
Some Gold
Tin & Vanadium Concentrates, Tungsten
CAMEROON
Palm Oil
Hides, Cocoa, Ivory
Almonds
Some Gold
TOGOLAND
90% Cocoa

LITERARY DIGEST Map

Germany's lost African colonies . . . are they worth regaining?

37,000 tons of hemp; Tanganyika sells 72,000. The colony is also enjoying a gold boom which promises to reach $2,500,000 this year.

But the most unanswerable argument is the last: colonies offer unmatched opportunity for patriotic investors. Critics of the colonial system lament that Britain's dependencies cost her about $5,000,000 *cash in loans and grants* a year, that Tanganyika has never paid for itself, that Britain can whistle for the $20,000,000 still owing on the Kenya railway. Moreover, the predominant part of her defense expenditures—fast approaching the billion-dollar mark for this year—can be chalked up against the protection of her far-flung boundaries.

Who Pays?—The catch is that the taxpayer pays. Private investors, chalking up $350,000,000 returns a year, cheerfully overlook the fact that every taxpayer in the country has sweated for the generous interest colonial investments pay the few.

In Britain, the weakness of the arguments lies in the general public's unwillingness to part with an inch of territory. Last April, Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that the country might sometime return the German mandates. Later, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin grudgingly denied that the question was *under consideration*. He refused to give any assurance that it might not come up in the future. Since then, Tories have raged against ceding a hard-won inch, Laborites against placing innocent natives under the rule of Nazis.

In Germany, *all* the arguments fall on deaf ears. Still smarting under the Versailles insult to their prestige, they make only one protest. If colonies are valueless anyway, why not return them?

SPANISH DEBACLE: Rollicking Dampened as Truth About War Seeps Into Madrid

As the fourth month of civil war began last week with defeats for the Loyalists on every front, Madrid, enemy gun-fire audible in the quiet hours of night, shuddered with a sense of doom.

Too late, with the Insurgents almost at the gates, the Republic learned that, even in a democracy, an Army must be a dictatorship.

When the last railroad to the coast was cut, when the Capital's water-supply north of the city was surrounded; when, in fact, the war seemed lost irremediably, Premier Francisco Largo Caballero was hastily named "Supreme Commander" of all Loyalist forces. With the Insurgents almost in the suburbs, he strove desperately to inject order and discipline into the Republic's courageous, inefficient, futile and totally unmilitary forces.

In blissful ignorance of the catastrophes everywhere overtaking Republican arms, ebullient citizens still strung "They Shall Not Pass" banners across the streets.

"They" *had* passed at Oviedo, driving into the suburbs the *dynamiteros,* miners armed only with blasting powder, who for three months *had* held Gen. Miguel Aranda's Insurgent garrison in a second Alcazar.

In twenty-five minutes of battle, they had passed at Illecas, cutting the Madrid-Toledo road, isolating Loyalist troops between Toledo and the Capital. Northwest of Madrid they had passed again, *advancing to within twenty miles of the city gates;* and approaching the city through the Guadarrama Mountains, they had passed, without firing a shot, a 300-foot cliff which they had expected to find impregnable.

While Gen. Francisco Franco's well-trained and completely disciplined Moors and Foreign Legionnaires were carrying out trained officers' orders to the letter, Loyalist volunteer companies were choosing their fronts by ballot, voting themselves leaves to go back for street-rollicking at Madrid, or leaving their positions undefended while they foraged (with excellent reason, since the Government supply service was almost non-existent), for food. Officers, chosen by election, were wrecking last remnants of discipline by quarreling loudly and bitterly about tactics, while their followers stood by laughing at them.

Censorship—In Madrid the censorship had withheld the news of the fall of Toledo until last week, had concealed the loss of *the last railroad to the coast,* had labeled as "strategic retreats" the defeats which became known.

Meanwhile, realization that disaster was near was dawning, as hordes of refugees poured into the city from nearby towns, fleeing before Rightist armies. From the south, from the west, from the northwest and north, they came—men, women, children; in carts, afoot, staggering under household possessions, leading and driving ribby cows, bleating goats, cackling poultry.

Into a city already near to famine, they trudged, packing parks, public squares and other open spaces until, in desperation, the authorities closed the entrances to the Capital, leaving hordes outside.

Girl Warriors—More "urgent calls to arms" were issued. Hastily armed, totally untrained boys and girls of eighteen were rushed off to take over entrenchments far nearer the city than they had been allowed to believe the enemy had approached.

"Youth of Madrid," rang one desperate call to street paraders, "you dare not pretend indifference to war."

Hundreds of housewives standing in lines, for hours, awaiting the opening of food shops which had little to sell, guessed the truth. Even before the cutting of the railway, supplies had been dwindling. Beef and eggs were unobtainable; potatoes, milk and sugar were scarce.

Out of the endless discussions, and in rising panic, Supreme Commander Largo Caballero struggled to organize crumbling defenses for the seemingly inevitable.

EDWARD'S FRIEND: Mrs. Simpson Asks Divorce; Coronation Insurance Odds Shift

"Petitioner's solicitor, Theodore Goddard. Wife Divorce. Simpson, W., *vs.* Simpson, E. A. Defendant's solicitors, Middletown, Lewis & Company."

Those simple words, neatly inked in the register of the Court of Assizes, Ipswich, Suffolk, England, last week sent American *newspaper men* baying to the ship's brokers' office of Capt. Ernest Aldrich Simpson, husband of Wallis Warfield Simpson, the former Baltimore belle who is Edward VIII's closest woman friend.

"The case will not be defended," the tall ex-officer of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards told reporters. "Beyond that, I have no statement to make."

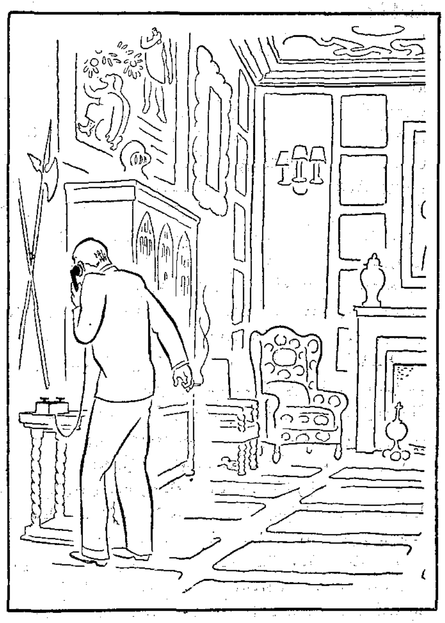
In a country where precedent decides almost everything, there was precedent for Captain Simpson's position. In the seventeenth century, one Roger Palmer had a wife who brightened the boredom of Charles II. Palmer, as a reward for his cooperation, became the Irish Earl of Castlemaine, leaving his lady to follow her own conscience. Historians differ as to how far she followed it, but the Dukes of Southampton and Grafton still trace their ancestry to her and King Charles.

Across the Channel, le Normand d'Etoilles, who adored his wife, rashly objected when La Pompadour attracted the attention of Louis XV. For such non-cooperation, he was banished.

Historic Precedents—But as Yankee correspondents thumbed joyfully through forgotten history books for other such imagined parallels, their English colleagues religiously observed the letter of their self-imposed censorship, tho some found ways to break the spirit of the code. One noted that odds that the Coronation would take place next May, as scheduled, had dropped from twenty to one to five to one. Another speculated slyly on the growing vogue for *filing* divorce suits in out-of-the-way villages. The most daring alluded to "reports from abroad that the King will be married before next May."

No such restraint bound the American press. Scare head-lines on the divorce itself were followed by typographical trumpetings over the purported refusal of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to attend a royal function because of *that* Mrs. Simpson; over the report that Londoners were tittering about a bad pun, "the unimportance of being Ernest"; over the King's movements and plans; the likelihood of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's leading the Privy Council in a revolt against His Majesty's taste in women; the story that the monarch had told the Prime Minister, the primates and sundry others to "mind your own business."

What they were all trying to say, the Washington *Post* finally said, in so many



"HELLO, MRS. POST? THIS IS MR. SIMPSON OF LONDON SPEAKING. ER . . ."

—Alain in The New Yorker

Acme

The plaintiff: Mrs. Ernest Simpson

© International

The defendant: Mr. Ernest Simpson

words: The King was in love with Mrs. Simpson; he had approved, if not indeed suggested, the divorce; he intended to marry her as soon as possible.

But *could* he? American editors wanted to know. Apparently, they discovered, there is nothing in the written statutes to prevent it. Precedents: Henry VIII married four commoners, one a widow; George IV married the twice-widowed Maria Fitzherbert.

Ah, but could she be his *Queen?*

Here, again, they discovered no law to prevent it. Precedent: Catherine Parr (not to mention the other three) was Henry VIII's Queen.

Possibility of Delay—Still, he might have trouble. He would have to wait six months, in any case, because of British divorce law. Next, he would have to announce his intention to the ultra-ultra Privy Council (the Cabinet), which might resign, or threaten to. Moreover, the Defender of the Faith certainly would have difficulty persuading an outstanding prelate to perform the ceremony, altho the Anglican Church does not forbid remarrying innocent parties to divorces.

So the arguments ran through column after column of the American press, the glittering head-lines usually a bit ahead of the facts, innuendo filling in where definite detail was lacking. At least one American periodical spared no effort to see to it that its copies in Great Britain would be scissored. An even more ingenious editor managed to dig up statements from two American Bishops solemnly seconding the reported indignation of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury.

Perhaps most resourceful of all was one tabloid which, unable to get anything from British barristers, officials and newspaper men, had its correspondent canvass London's man-in-the-street. Said a housemaid: "I don't know what to think. Perhaps she (Mrs. Simpson) will go back to America, and then he could marry a nice lady like the Duchess of York." A clerk: "Good luck to him." A shop girl: "... gallivanting around with foreign women. ..." A War veteran: "I don't care what he does." A telephone operator: "The only people who seem to be kicking up a fuss are people who aren't concerned." A bus-driver: "If her old man don't mind, I don't think it's anybody's business." A movie usherette: "What's the matter with English girls?"

Sportsmanship—Apart from the objection of three to a "foreigner," the symposium seemed to bear out the expected (and normal, for England) reaction of His Majesty's subjects. Having fretted for fifteen years because he had fallen in love with no one, the upper classes object, now that he finally has, because the subject is a twice-married divorcée, about to divorce again; because she is *chic* enough to be conspicuous at a royal garden-party, and because she is an American. The rank and file are inclined to be better sports about it—except that they *do* rather wish it were an *English* commoner, like their Duchess of York.

Last Sunday night, King Edward called for a complete *dossier* of American press accounts mentioning Mrs. Simpson. It was understood that the voluminous pile of clippings was also filed with Scotland Yard and the Foreign Office—a report which gave rise to the London surmise that the British Government might lodge a protest at Washington.

Behind all the whispered conjecture she has aroused in her native land, the facts about Mrs. Simpson seem simple enough: She has sued her husband for misconduct which he does not deny.

It would be no great triumph for American journalism if a British sovereign should be forced to defend his companion's name against the insinuations of her own countrymen.

GRIM BELGIANS: They Cut French Alliance to Rely on Own Guns for Defense

To sixteen grave Cabinet ministers assembled in the lonely (since the death of his Queen) Palace at Brussels last week for the first Cabinet Council of his reign, Leopold-Philippe-Charles-Albert-Meinrad-Hubertus-Marie-Miguel, Knight of the Order of the Annonciade, of the Order of the Elephant, of the Order of the Seraphins, curly-haired, blue-eyed, thirty-five-year-old fourth King of the Belgians, read a short State Paper that left the ministers, and Europe, stunned.

"Alliances, even defensive, will not serve us," his deep, youthful voice intoned. Sixteen minds flashed back to the alliance that, since 1921, has made the French and Belgian armies one.

"Aid could not reach us before the first shock of the invader. . . . We must be prepared to fight alone." Leopold III was a thirteen-year-old stripling when his father's pathetically comic militia and museum-piece, dog-drawn machine-guns tried to stop the field-gray lava-flow in 1914.

". . . We must follow an exclusively Belgian policy . . . withdrawing from the quarrels of our neighbors." Belgium, smaller in area than Maryland, in population equal to New York City and Los Angeles, wedged between Europe's greatest armies, traditional enemies—how could Belgium withdraw?

"Our geographical position forces us to maintain a military organization capable of preventing *any* of our neighbors from crossing our territory to attack another country."

Royal Motive—Fear motivated the King's declaration—the growing fear that no nation can or will go to the assistance of another unless its own immediate interests are imperiled (vide Ethiopia); fear that her ally France, since she acquiesced as if paralyzed to remilitarization of the Rhine, might be really paralyzed; and fear that even if aid should be forthcoming, it would arrive too late.

Passageway for foreign armies since Asia's shaggy, drought-driven hordes first sought greener fields to the west, modern Belgium's tradition, her very existence as a nation, is based on the axiom that more armies will strive to cross her boundaries.

Solely to create an obstacle to such armies (French armies, then), Viscount Robert Stewart Castlereagh at the 1815 Congress of Vienna conjured a "United Netherlands Kingdom" out of territories that had not been governed together for centuries, to form a buffer between Continental armies and the British Isles.

For twenty years, its southern portion had been annexed to Catholic France. It hated stubborn King William the First's drive to make Dutch the National language,

© International

King Leopold: "we must . . . fight alone" disliked domination by Dutch Protestantism, echoed the French "little revolution" of July, 1830, broke away from Holland, set about electing a King of its own.

France's Louis Philippe, inching his son, the Duke of Nemours, toward the shiny new throne, saw that England still feared France enough to keep the Crown from a Frenchman, even if she had to send a new Wellington across the Channel. He back-tracked, "refused his consent" to his own plans; assented, reluctantly, to Lord Palmerston's candidate, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom the Belgian National Assembly, taking England's hint, elected to the Throne.

Broken Guaranty—Nine years later, Britain, still to protect herself against the ghost of Bonaparte, engineered the guaranty of Belgium by herself, Russia, Prussia, Austria—a guaranty destined to become Germany's "scrap of paper."

Surfeited with neutrality, Belgium, after Versailles, elected to merge her armed force with that of France in what was, until last week, Europe's strictest military alliance. Failure of any Power to act when Italy swallowed Ethiopia, failure of France to do more than grumble when Hitler militarized the Rhineland, certainty that France's armies would refuse to fight outside their own boundaries, realization that no longer is France Europe's strongest Power, swift upthrust of anti-French sentiment under audacious twenty-eight-year-old Rexist (Fascist) Leader Léon Degrelle, certainty that the Rexists would oppose strengthening Belgium's arms so long as the country was involved, even remotely, in a Franco-Soviet alliance . . . all these forced the King's decision.

PROUD FINLAND: New Premier Strives for Neutrality; Maid Wins Literary Prize

Mention Finland and most Americans think of Paavo Nurmi, of Willie Ritola, and of prompt debt payment. That little land, scarcely larger than the State of Montana, prides itself on its literacy and its social reforms as well as on its fleet feet and fiscal integrity.

Last week, it honored two new names—one in America, one in the homeland—for deeds as widely separated. One was that of Sally Salminen, a humble kitchen-maid in New York; the other that of Kyosti Kallio, the sixty-three-year-old new Premier in Helsingfors.

Ninety-nine out of every 100 of the 3,738,532 inhabitants can read and write. They saw last week that their national passion for learning and literature encircled the earth. Miss Salminen, six years away from home, had scratched away on a ten-cent store pad whenever she got a day off until she turned out the novel which won first prize in a contest conducted by Finnish publishers.

Midchannel—While she packed to go home, Premier Kallio, brought into power on the crest of a cooperative agrarian movement, tackled, with Foreign Minister Holsti, the ticklish problem of steering Finland through the rivalries of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, seeking to wean Finland away from its traditional tendency to line up with the hands-off attitude of the Scandinavian bloc—Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

Peace-loving, Finns veer toward Sweden's neutral policy only as a safeguard against a possible European conflict. At home, however, they find the Swedish majority of 342,916 a vexing issue which they inherited about 700 years ago when Sweden conquered their land and colonized it. Since then they have had two official languages which every pupil has to study.

Finnish is a fluent, fully-voweled, highly developed language that resembles Hungarian and Estonian, and is capable of expressing the finest shades of thought. Nationalists, attached to their language, demand the complete abolition of Swedish.

Fierce Nationalists—While their racial origin has been variously traced to Asia, Western Europe and the lower districts of the Volga River, the people refuse to be called anything but Finns. The Swedes held the country from the twelfth century until 1809, when Russia took it and established it as a Grand Duchy.

The Government at Helsingfors (Helsinki), on one of the best harbors in the Baltic Sea, is highly progressive. The legislature is a unicameral body. Finnish women were the first to get the franchise in Europe and occupy positions in all fields.

When Toivo Mikael Kivimäki, who came into power in 1932, favored the intellectual liberal elements of his National Progressive Party over the Agrarians' platform of bolstering the cooperative movement and national defense, he fell before Kyosti Kallio.

Despite the fact that his predecessors' Cabinet was defeated by a majority of one, Kallio placed nine of his party men in his new Government, and conceded only two portfolios to National Progressives on the advice of President Pehr Evind Svinhufvud, whose term expires next year.

Thus he hoped to keep his countrymen, some fair-haired, blue-eyed, flat-featured, some dark and oval-faced, set along the lines of peace and education, giving them time to read (and write) novels like Miss Salminen's instead of looking anxiously toward their bristling neighbors.

BOLIVIAN SHAKE-UP: Toro Threatens Breach of Chaco Peace, Orders Vast Construction

A nickel-plated army limousine slithered over Bolivia's rain-rutted highways, wound its way 12,000 feet up the mountainside to the world's highest Capital, La Paz, city of purling waterfalls and white stone houses set like gems in an emerald tiara of handsome shade-trees.

Out stepped Col. David Toro, soldier and, so he presently proclaimed to the world, Socialist.

Welcomed effusively by a hastily summoned military *junta,* the stocky young officer proceeded to perform a miracle that had been performed before him by Mussolini and Hitler.

Proclaiming himself President, he set up a dictatorship in the guise of a Socialist régime.

That was last May. Bolivians, exhausted by a long and losing war with Paraguay over the Gran Chaco, placidly accepted the much publicized hero of that carnage.

They knew that behind him stood the jobless veterans, whose pensions weigh heavily on the national budget. They had had seventy-odd rulers in a hundred years; change meant nothing. Besides, they hoped he would consolidate the too-long-awaited peace.

Last week, Toro bruskly broke off the very negotiations in Buenos Aires, Argentina, upon which Bolivian-Paraguayan peace depended.

Verging on War—Sure of his sway with the veterans and organized labor, the dictator blustered over Paraguay's refusal to create a neutral zone in the Gran Chaco, defied the negotiators, brought his little landlocked country again to the verge of war. Then, while South Americans everywhere drew in their breath sharply, he calmly set about whipping his oft-promised

Ewing Galloway © Kurt Severin from Black Star Ewing Galloway

President Toro (center) decreed that all Bolivians between eighteen and sixty must work reforms into shape, with the avowed purpose of reorganizing the country on an economic rather than a political basis.

To make good his promises, he published a program sponsoring vaguely-worded reforms that purport to levy heavy taxes on wealth and, at the same time, raise the standard of the 2,000,000 Indian aborigines and 500,000 *cholos* (half-castes) and Spaniards to prosperity levels. Working fast, he further promised to revise oil company concessions and to recover 1,235,500 acres of rich mineral lands, hitherto undeveloped by foreign concessionaires.

Anxious to show immediate results, Toro ordered a blanket survey of all the unemployed and decreed that "all Bolivians between eighteen and sixty" must carry identification cards so that those who are idle may be spotted and forced into labor brigades, made to work "according to the needs of mining, commercial and industrial enterprises."

Industrial Control—Tho their constitutional right of choosing work is to be respected, both employers and employees must register with the National Bureau of Syndicates and receive credentials, thus bringing into Bolivian life a labor-capitalist Parliament in which Toro aims to reconcile divergent class view-points as "a mechanism of the State."

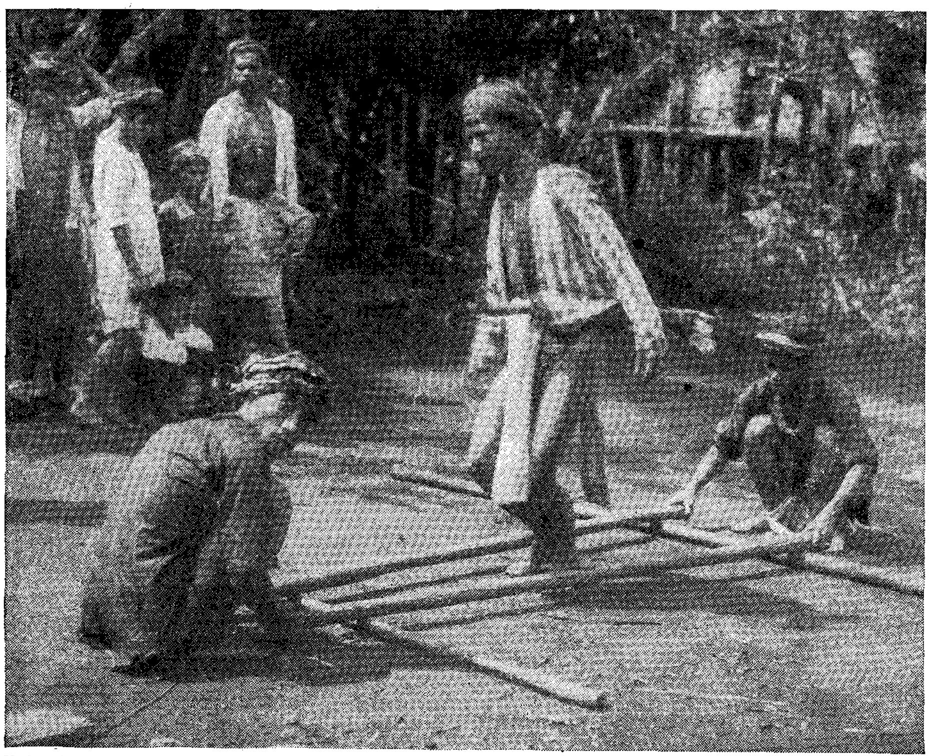
The *Junta's* diplomats, however, resent the term dictatorship, and, to allay the fears of alarmed business, apologetically ascribe Toro's rise to the "failure of democracy, on the one hand, and Communism, on the other."

Treaty Pledge—Likewise alarmed were big business interests abroad, especially Americans, whose investment in Bolivian mining and oil concerns amounts to about $130,000,000. To reassure them, Foreign Minister Enrique Baldivieso pledged respect for treaties and pointed to Toro's project of improving communications, calculated to bolster trade.

Shrewdly, Toro began his régime by pushing ahead railroad and highway construction, already started for Chaco war purposes, and encouraged the construction of railway lines linking Bolivia with Brazil and Argentina. With Chile, his wealthy neighbor, he likewise cemented trade ties looking toward exchange of Bolivia's agricultural produce and live stock for Chilean industrial products.

Eager to give his régime all the credit for the current boom, he planned the road network to facilitate linking agricultural centers with urban consumers and directed all "eyes East," toward Bolivia's greatest center of natural resources, where, besides minerals, wheat, cotton, tobacco, fruit and rubber crops are extensively grown.

In addition to freeing Bolivians from complete dependence on the great tin-mines, Toro's scheme of extensive road building is meant to eliminate regional division of the people and thus allow the military to swoop down on possible risings in the outlying Provinces, by making all roads lead to La Paz, center of his all-powerful military *Junta*.



Ewing Galloway

Dyaks: the dance replaces their favorite sport as the white Raja puts ban on head-hunting

HEIR TO SARAWAK: Briton Off as Jungle Cadet to Become Head-Hunters' Raja

Ninety-eight years ago, James Brooke, young East Indian army officer in London, sold his inherited estate, signed a crew of adventurers on the yacht *Royalist*, sailed 9,000 miles away to "free the Malay Archipelago from barbarism."

Within two years, he was Raja of a State on the north coast of Borneo as large as Kentucky. His subjects were Dyak natives who decorated the verandas of their bamboo and log "apartment-houses" with human heads.

Raja of Sarawak in Borneo, Knight Commander of the Bath in England, Sir James ruled twenty-seven years, bequeathed his realm to nephew Charles Johnston Brooke, who, in 1917, bequeathed it to his son, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, First Class.

Last week, plain A. W. D. Brooke, Oxford-trained nephew of Raja Sir Charles, left civilization to live as a cadet in a Dyak outstation in Sarawak to which no road leads, and with which all communication is by radio and river.

Guardian of Oil—When he has learned the tongue of the Sea Dyaks among the crocodiles and pythons along the coast, he will go inland and upland to master the language of the Land Dyaks among the wild pigs, honey-bears and orang-utans. Thus will he prepare himself to become the next white Raja of Sarawak, continue his family's work of civilization, and incidentally see that nothing interrupts the flow from Sarawak Oilfields, Ltd., to the Empire's naval station at Singapore.

Tho three generations of Brookes, ably abetted by the British Navy, have civilized the Dyaks out of the profession of piracy, head-hunting persists in the mountainous interior, high up under the Equator; and even where new heads are no longer taken, old heads are lent from village to village as charms at burials, and to ensure the prosperity of the rice crops.

At certain outstations much like that to which young Brooke is assigned, government civil servants, hardy Englishmen in pith helmets and shorts, keep ancient mummified heads in reserve; and issue them to villages whose warriors might otherwise set off in the night with spears and poisoned arrow blowpipes to freshen their supply of ceremonial good luck tokens.

Symbols of War — In the porch-like balconies of long houses sheltering many families, the heads hang where ordinarily only old men whose life-spans are nearly over may touch them. But when the young men-children must be trained for wars which the white Raja strives to postpone forever, the heads are hung lower. By smiting them with spears and lances, the men-children are supposed to gain strength for battle.

When village notables die, tradition dictates that mourning must last until a head is added to the community collection. Nowadays, unless a neighboring village can lend the desired object, a village messenger goes to the nearest government office to borrow an old one.

Land of eternal summer, "Garden in the Sun," Sarawak is called. Tho Kuching, its little riverside capital, is only 1° 33′ 10″ north of the equator, heat is never excessive; and it "seldom rains twenty-four hours in succession," sunshine blazing between showers.

A revolt against the native Raja, Muda Hassim, was raging in 1840 when the first Brooke captained the *Royalist* along the north coast of Borneo. So grateful, and so impressed was the Raja when Brooke and his crew subdued the blowpipe and poisoned arrow revolution with British muskets, that he gave Sarawak outright to the young Englishman, keeping the rest of the island—about twice as large as all England—for himself.

Lawgiving King—Brooke remained ashore, accepted the throne, and immediately began to establish a code of law (very British) which, since it arrested plunder, piracy and village warfare, brought prosperity to the natives.

Twenty-one years afterward, Great Britain recognized Sarawak as the independent State which it is to-day. In

1888, the Raja, by treaty, turned the direction of its foreign affairs over to London.

Oil-fields were discovered in 1910. There is no public debt. Undeveloped wealth sufficient to keep the country debt-free through all foreseeable history abounds in mining and agricultural resources as yet scarcely touched.

Until recent years, tribal warfare, head-hunting and piracy, still in the blood and tradition of the Dyaks, have been kept down only by constant vigilance and a constabulary of 800 men. In 1867, the Palace of the reigning Brooke was burned by Chinese pirates who drove the white Raja into the jungle.

The Sarawak to which young A. W. D. Brooke will succeed will have a chain of Royal Air Force fields along the coast; is considered of great strategic importance in relation to Singapore.

ELASTIC MANCHUKUO:

Its Boundary-Lines Shift According to Prowess of Snipers

How big is Japan's puppet State of Manchukuo? Nobody, not even its Emperor Kang Teh (formerly Henry Pu Yi), knows.

In March, 1935, Tokyo announced "officially" that the area was 503,143 square miles or somewhat less than twice the size of Texas; but the Japanese map-makers included the western Province of Jehol, and admitted, naïvely enough, in adding up the area of the sixteen other Provinces, that "the figures, in more than one case, are given in the form of advance estimates."

China never knew the area of Manchuria when it was hers.

One Chinese guess was 500,000 square miles, about twice the area of Texas. Another was 460,383 square miles, another 363,700.

It has been more than four centuries since Russian fur-trappers pushed their way over the Urals in a trek that extended through Siberia and, finally, across the Behring Straits to Alaska. Yet in all that time, the 2,000-mile boundary between Russian territory and that now controlled, in one way or another, by Japan has never been surveyed; much of it never explored.

Unmapped Boundary—Thus the boundary is, in the strictest sense of the word, what all boundaries are called—an imaginary line, staked off, in some places, where the Czar's officers thought it ought to be.

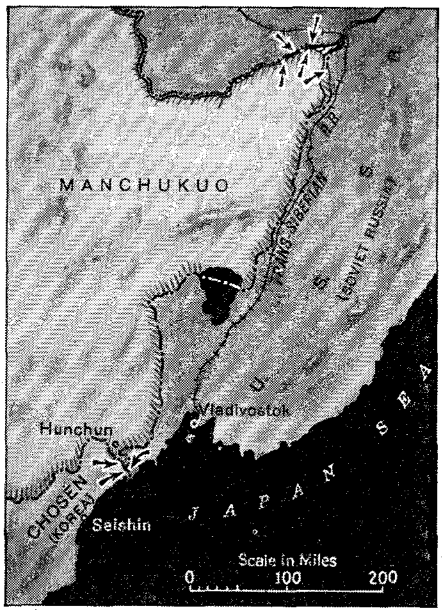
To-day, watching that imaginary line, are a Soviet army of 300,000 men and some 75,000 Japanese troops.

Manchukuo's Japanese-officered army numbers twenty-six infantry, eight cavalry brigades. How many men, official figures discreetly refrain from mentioning.

Paradoxically, tho no boundary-line exists, shots have popped along it almost daily since February, 1934, much to the confusion of the native population living in village isolation and ignorance of such modern institutions as nationality, much as it has for thousands of years.

In Moscow and Tokyo, 4,650 miles apart, the shots echo almost daily. Little Japanese Chargé d'Affaires Hidekazu Sakou motors to the Kremlin to protest:

"Nine o'clock yesterday . . . Japanese sentinel east of Hsinglungtun and north of Taheiho observed two Soviet soldiers hewing down trees . . . fired a warning shot. . . . Soldiers hid in the bushes. . . . Five Soviet cavalrymen and twenty troops carrying rifles appeared on nearby hill . . . Japanese reinforcements rushed to spot. . . . No clash occurred. . . . At 11:40 two more Soviet soldiers began cutting trees in the same area. . . . After warning shot from Japanese sentinel they hid in thickets. . . . Ten minutes later the four were observed returning to Soviet territory, each carrying a bundle of wood. . . . A Soviet rifle bullet struck in Manchukuo territory near Hsinglungtun about seven o'clock yesterday morning."



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Manchukuo's boundary: arrows indicate location of frequent recent border incidents

Multiple Incidents—Once he complained of three such "incidents" in one day.

In Tokyo, deep-voiced Soviet Ambassador Constantin Yurenev drives to the office of Foreign Minister Hachiro Arita, protesting:

"A Japanese scout plane crossed the Amur River near Blagovyeshchensk; Manchukuo troops fired three times at Soviet citizens near Habarovsk."

Japan objects that the Soviets pull up the rotting Czarist boundary-posts, often six miles apart, replant them two or three miles farther into Manchukuo, that they have built concrete pill-boxes on scores of low islets in the Amur and Ussuri Rivers, that they have been caught digging ditches miles long in Manchukuoan territory, that—

"Two coolies and a representative of the Manchukuoan Navigation Bureau who went to Heibo to replace the Manchu flag on the south bank of the Amur were fired upon by Soviet soldiers and driven away."

Russian Retort—Yurenev counters at Tokyo that—

"Eighty-five Soviet citizens traveling from Sayusnoe to Twauska were fired on by Manchukuoan troops from inside the boundary . . . rifles fired into Trokkya, Soviet village facing the Amur, from the bank opposite the hamlet. . . . A boat with five armed Manchukuoan soldiers left the Manchu village of Daman on the Amur, approached within sixty-five yards of a Soviet island in the river, fired, returned to the village, where eighteen Manchukuoan soldiers stood watching them."

Occasionally the "incidents" are more serious, as when thirteen Russian armored cars, 300 cavalrymen and a company of infantry "invaded" Manchukuo and were repulsed by Manchu troops.

Both Moscow and Tokyo insist that the two-year series of incidents cannot be allowed to continue. Since February, they have agreed that commissions must be named to survey a boundary. Each blames the other for delay. The sniping goes on.

Meanwhile, mixed populations along the border, Mongols, Koreans and Chinese who can talk the language of neither and who frequently can not understand one another, wonder what it is all about, profit from the confusion by wholesale smuggling, wonder when it will end.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Citizens of Berwick-on-Tweed, forty-seven miles south of Edinburgh at the mouth of the Tweed River, discovered to their horror last week that they are still technically at war with the defunct Russian Empire. Once a frontier stronghold between England and Scotland, with Gothic church and walls built during Elizabeth's reign, the place was fought over for centuries. To incorporate it in the United Kingdom, England at the middle of the last century had to make a separate pact with the city. At the conclusion of the Crimean war, Berwick was not invited to send delegates to the peace negotiations. She had declared war, never made peace, thus is still at war with Czarist Russia.

* * *

Imprisoned by Madrid leftists and in danger of death because of his noble name, Ramon Colon y Carvajal, Marquis of Veragua—only living descendant of Christopher Columbus since the recent execution of his uncle, the Duke of Veragua, was saved by the Spanish Government on Columbus day. President Agustin P. Justo of Argentina had cabled Madrid, pleading successfully for his release. Last week the Marquis was recovering from his imprisonment in a hospital at St. Jean de Luz, France.

* * *

Europeans forgot preoccupation with war long enough last week to save 8,000 migratory robins paralyzed by a premature cold wave. Mounting ladders under German, Austrian and Yugoslav eaves, they caught the birds, warmed them, caged them; shipped them on man-made wings to the Mediterranean warmth of Venice, whence the birds departed on their own wings for Africa.

* * *

Designed by Americans and begun nine years ago, Canberra, Australia's Capital, 200 miles from the nearest town or village, is constantly supervised by a Commission of architects to guard against distortion of the plans by jerry-builders. Construction is speeding at a pace calculated soon to make it one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

* * *

Desolated by the falling off of the tourist traffic which long made Monte Carlo a rich international gambling paradise, Monaco's General Council is considering means to make the city a free port. Hopes run high that some such legal hat-trick will conjure up new hordes of bediamonded gamblers to keep the roulette wheels whirring as of old, night and day.

CAMPAIGN HAS ITS TOWER OF BABEL

Millions Reading Foreign-Language Papers Might Swing Poll

Juan Berez, for all he is a naturalized American of Spanish extraction, is just as interested in next month's Presidential election as any *Mayflower* descendant. Dropping into an Olvera Street, Los Angeles, café for a glass of *cerveza, Juan* picks up a copy of *The Times.* He recognizes the words "Landon" and "Roosevelt" in the headlines, but can not penetrate the jungle of small type below. So he calls for a copy of *La Opinion,* which discusses politics in his own tongue.

Juan is only one of 8,251,353 foreign-born naturalized citizens in America whose vote conceivably could swing the election. Most of the 800 foreign-language newspapers and periodicals they read are Democratic.

This conclusion, voiced by voluble William M. Hewitt, President of the Foreign Language Field Service Corporation, while he rocks in his red-leather swivel-chair and peers with sharp eyes out over the East River from his seventeenth-floor corner in Manhattan, is not wishful thinking.

Leanings—Mr. Hewitt is a Republican, and despite his belief that the Democratic Secretary of State Cordell Hull's foreign policies are good, he can not approve of most of the New Deal.

Besides publishing the oldest foreign-language newspaper in the country, the French *Courrier des Etats Unis,* established in 1828, Mr. Hewitt keeps a finger on the nation's 800 publications in thirty-two languages and dialects which count an aggregate circulation of 9,938,611.

Because his office handles advertising contracts for most of them, he can take from his desk-drawers charts and maps showing that Cleveland, say, houses a foreign-white population of 65 per cent.; that papers loyal to Chicago's late Mayor Tony Cermak, Democratic martyr, reach great clusters of Bohemians; that Philadelphia's Republican machine dominates the Italian and Polish immigrants' press there; that Buffalo's 26,000 Poles respond to a Republican paper.

Distribution—Of the some fourteen millions of foreign-born in the United States, about four millions are from English-speaking countries. Germany is represented most generously among those who use a foreign tongue. There are almost enough German naturalized citizens (1,222,702) to populate the city of Los Angeles. Italians able to vote (848,843) would more than fill St. Louis; Russians (694,835) would crowd Pittsburgh. Only Warsaw exceeds the Polish population of Chicago alone, and throughout the United States there are enough Polish citizens (616,349) to occupy almost every room in San Francisco.

Fill Newark with the Swedish voters (429,125), Houston with the Czechs (294,124), Providence with the Norwegians (243,912) and San Antonio with the Austrians (228,058) and there would be enough voting immigrants left over to occupy many another American city. Spaniards, gregariously gathered in the Southwest and in metropolitan districts, and French, particularly in the South and Northeast, defy actual counting because of infiltrations from Canada and Mexico. For instance, 10,000 voters record birth in Spain, but there are 126,000 residents speaking the Spanish mother tongue.

For this vast audience, there are 149 publications in Italian, 134 in German, eighty-two in Jewish (crossing nationality lines), eighty in Polish, seventy-one in Spanish—there are papers printed even in the universal Esperanto and in Wendish.

Bungling—How are the Parties plumbing this field? Badly, Mr. Hewitt thinks. Untranslated Democratic releases go into the waste-basket and sporadically translated Republican releases do not make the proper appeal, he insists. Readers baffled by American type are left without sound campaign material to digest.

Democratic National Headquarters, stumped by the search for a proper Syrian idiom for "Triple A," or Republican National headquarters, momentarily harassed by the disappearance of the Hungarian typewriter, disagree.

Never before has Republican ingenuity built such a babel. With an appropriation of $284,000, the Party has set up naturalized citizens' divisions in each of twenty-nine States, has used the radio already for 900 broadcasts in sixteen tongues, has printed 3,000,000 pamphlets in seventeen languages. James P. Warburg's "Hell Bent for Election" appears even in Polish.

Democrats are spending about $50,000 among twenty-two language groups. They, too, have scattered pamphlets in strange characters far and wide and have broadcast about 220 speeches in foreign tongues.

Both Parties lean heavily on a few powerful publishers, but such names are scarce. Foreign-language papers mostly stem from religious, fraternal and other group organizations.

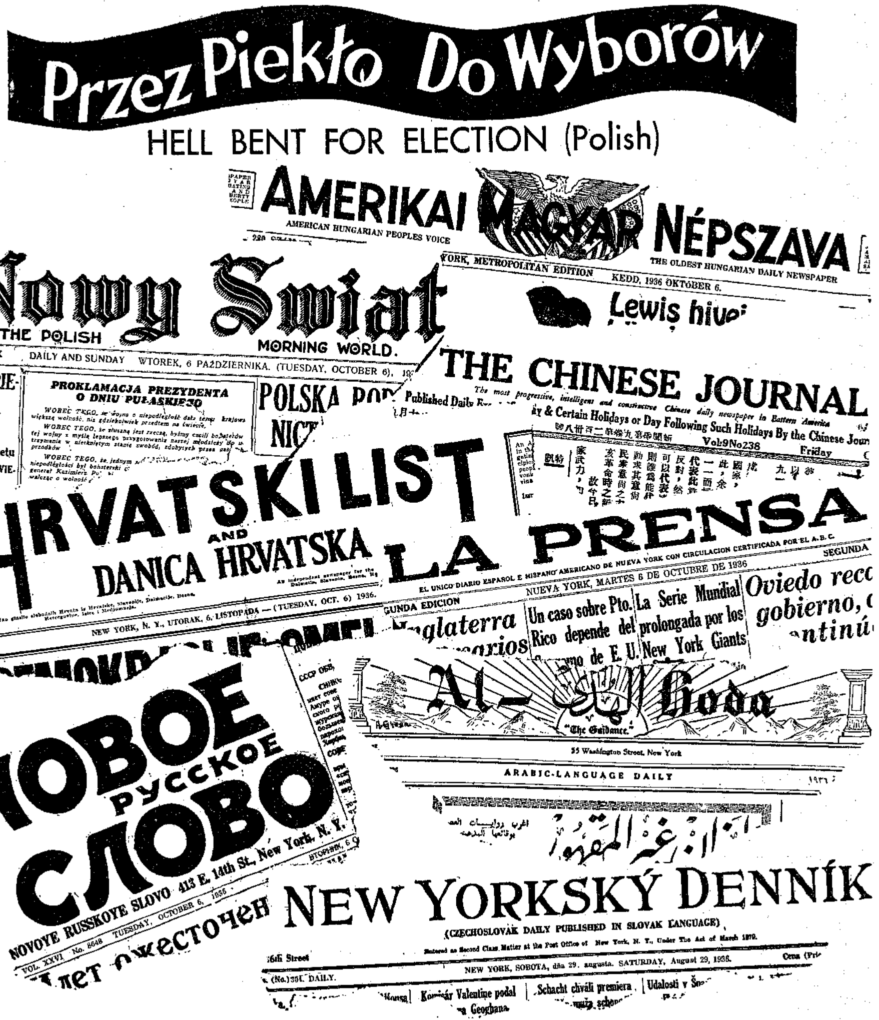
Ridders—Joseph E. Ridder, who, with his brothers, Bernard and Victor, publishes the strongest German daily, the *Staats-Zeitung und Herold,* in New York, heads the German division of the foreign language group in the Democratic Party.

President Roosevelt calls volatile Generoso Pope, who has the New York Italian press virtually sewed up, "Gene." Besides his two newspapers, *Il Progresso* and *Corriere d'America,* Mr. Pope controls the Colonial Sand and Gravel Company. He is close to Tammany.

Maj. S. J. Arensen, Brooklyn publisher of the *Nordisk Tidende,* leading Norwegian daily, is high in Republican councils.

There are few foreign-language chains to spread political doctrine over wide areas. Out in Omaha, Val J. Peter, a live-wire publisher who also runs a steamship agency, branched out with his sons to take in German papers in Baltimore, Buffalo, Toledo, Kansas City and Lincoln, Nebraska. Emil Leicht, a German-American of Winona, Minnesota, controls the National Weeklies, which cover the German small-town field.

A Literary Digest survey of seventy-five selected newspapers in the foreign-language field—all the way from the massive *Jewish Daily Forward* of New York, with its 114,243 readers, to the miniscule Spanish *News* of Vaughn, New Mexico, with its 412 readers, and from the tongue-tangling Finnish *Osuustoimintalehti*


Przez Piekło Do Wyborów
HELL BENT FOR ELECTION (Polish)
AMERIKAI MAGYAR NÉPSZAVA
AMERICAN HUNGARIAN PEOPLES VOICE
THE OLDEST HUNGARIAN DAILY NEWSPAPER
Nowy Swiat
THE POLISH MORNING WORLD
NEW YORK
THE CHINESE JOURNAL
HRVATSKI LIST
AND
DANICA HRVATSKA
LA PRENSA
НОВОЕ РУССКОЕ СЛОВО
NOVOYE RUSSKOYE SLOVO 413 E. 14th St. New York, N. Y.
Al-Hoda
"The Guidance."
ARABIC-LANGUAGE DAILY
NEW YORKSKÝ DENNÍK
(CZECHOSLOVAK DAILY PUBLISHED IN SLOVAK LANGUAGE)

The Presidential campaign waxes hot in many tongues under these vignettes of Superior, Wisconsin, to the one-syllable Swedish *Svea* of Worcester, Massachusetts —showed approximately two out of every three of those willing to comment favoring the Democratic candidate.

Typical reasons offered:

Chinese—"The New Deal's economic and financial policies are unsound and harmful at home and abroad. Its tendency for radical change in fundamental law jeopardizes the American form of government. . . . Landon's policies are sound. His election will result in real prosperity, free from the consequence of doubtful experimentation." —*Chung Sai Yat Po,* San Francisco (Ind.), 7,033.

French—"Roosevelt's attempted reforms substantiate our belief that this great nation has outgrown many of its primary governmental functions and needed the necessary activation given by him. His reelection is necessary for group betterment."—*Le Messager,* Lewiston, Maine (Ind.); circulation, 5,226.

© International

French look to William Hewitt . . . a Republican

The Courrier du Pacifique, San Francisco (Ind.), reaching 3,100 readers, thinks that William Randolph Hearst's opposition alone is reason enough to support President Roosevelt.

German—"Our stand is on the side of Landon and Knox, followers of Lincoln and Carl Schurz, because we believe in their principles of Americanism, tolerant and just, and free from both reactionary and red tendencies, and because we refuse to be drawn further into the bottomless whirlpool of extravagance, bureaucracy and destroyed gifts of nature."—*Volkzeitung,* St. Paul, Minnesota (Ind.); circulation, 16,584.

Abendpost, Chicago (Ind., 31,268) counters that a change would be unwise.

The *Staats-Zeitung und Herold,* New York (Ind., 57,673) is strictly neutral.

Lithuanian—"We are inclined to favor Roosevelt. Landon represents those selfish interests that gladly accepted help from the Government while business was bad, but resent interference now that prosperity is returning."—*Naujienos,* Chicago (Soc.); circulation, 31,210.

Vilnis, Lithuanian Communist paper in Chicago, with 20,930 circulation, rejects both Landon and Roosevelt for Browder.

Arabic—

وانا نرى من شدة اهتمام الناس بالدعاية ما تلجأ اليــــه
الاحزاب السياسية في الحملة الانتخابية الحاضرة في امريكا من
وسائل التذييع لان كل حزب يسعى الى « بيع » مذهبه السياسي
من جمهور الناخبين • وما اللجان الوطنية الادارية التي نسمع بها
سوى هيآت للتذييع والدعاية

ويخطر لنا في هذا المجال ما يقوم به اليهود في كل انحاء
العالم من وسائل الدعاية في سبيل وطنهم القومي وكيف انهـم
يجمعون الملايين التي لا تنفق كلها على التسفير والتعمير بل يذهب
منها الشيء الكثير في وجهة الدفاع عن فكرتهم ومقاومة الحملات
الموجهة اليهم • ونرى ان اكثر ما يطلب المــال لتحقيق هــذه

. . . which says, in part: "Every citizen should vote on his conviction on the issues involved based on careful and conscientious study. The vote is the weapon of democracy, and . . ."

Greek—"We believe that a Republican Administration will strengthen the present upward trend in business and will develop a trade expansion both here and abroad along sound business lines, thereby increasing employment."—*Atlantis,* New York City (Ind.); circulation, 11,253.

Italian—"Landon should be elected by the greatest majority ever given a Presidential candidate. This is the first time in history when our allegiance to the United States is the paramount issue. Prosperity and work are given by business, not agitators and demagogs."—*Il Popolo Italiano,* Philadelphia (Rep.); circulation, 63,378.

L'Italia of Chicago (Rep., 30,539) goes further, citing positive "proof" that "election of the present Chief Executive would favor the Communists' cause."

But *L'Italia* of San Francisco (Ind., 18,375), which broke a fifty-year tradition of supporting Republican candidates by upholding Roosevelt in 1932, thinks that not to reelect him would be "unfair and ungrateful toward him and detrimental to the welfare of this country."

Japanese—"Altho we do not entirely agree with his domestic policies, we believe Roosevelt's record in Pacific affairs and his apparent sincerity in his desire for world understanding entitle him to reelection."—*Japanese American News,* San Francisco (Ind.); circulation, 7,974.

Jewish—"We are against racial issues in a political campaign. Roosevelt is a great President . . . liberal and humanitarian. . . . His friendly inclination toward Jews and other minorities ought to augment their votes for him."—*Daily Jewish Courier,* Chicago (Ind.); circulation, 46,302.

Other Jewish papers agree. The *Daily Forward* (Soc.) regards the Roosevelt candidacy as "the most important event in American politics since the days of Abraham Lincoln." *Jewish Day,* New York (Ind., 82,757) praises the President's "genuine and complete freedom from race and religious prejudice."

Polish—"Hundreds of thousands of votes of citizens of Polish extraction will be cast for Roosevelt in Michigan. They, in a great majority, were stanch Republicans who turned Democrats because the Republicans rated them as lower-class citizenry."—*Dziennik Polski,* Detroit (Ind.); circulation, 24,690.

Chicago's *Dziennik* (Dem., 25,318) "deems President Roosevelt most worthy of continued confidence," and *Zgoda* (Ind., 25,980) of the same city, "spontaneously" joins in.

Russian—"We are for Landon. Senseless squandering of public funds and application of fantastic plans borrowed from European dictators will lead to catastrophe. We are against Roosevelt because the Communists support him universally. Altho he may not be in sympathy with them, yet they never felt better than they do now with Roosevelt in the White House."—*Pravda,* Philadelphia (Non-Partizan); circulation, 9,734.

Serbian—"The question before the voters in the Presidential campaign of 1936 is whether they shall approve or reject the policies which have saved the nation from catastrophe. To reject them would be to court disaster."—*American Srbobran,* Pittsburgh (Ind.); circulation, 10,000.

Slovene—"Roosevelt is a sane liberal, an able politician and a believer in Democracy. He knows how to lead without being a dictator. America may have better men, but he is the best one that can be elected President."—*Enakopravnost,* Cleveland (Ind.); circulation, 6,872.

© International

Italians heed Generoso Pope . . . a Democrat

Swedish—"Instability of the Roosevelt policies, disregard for electoral promises, setting aside constitutional provisions in favor of experimental theories constitute a dangerous procedure in our Government. To return to a more stable Government under guaranteed constitutional freedom is an absolute necessity. Landon at least stands for that."—*Svenska Pacific Tribunen,* Seattle, Washington (Ind.); circulation, 9,600.

Ukrainian—"We are for democracy and against Fascist and Communist dictatorship, therefore we want our readers not to vote for candidates indorsed by Hearst, Coughlin or the Communist Party."—*Narodna Wola,* Scranton, Pennsylvania (Ind.); circulation, 9,564.

How will these eight million-odd vote next month? If they follow the apparent leanings of their favorite editors, more than five million of them will vote for President Roosevelt, giving him a net of two or three millions in an election which may be decided by no greater margin than that.

FLYING YANKEE CLIPPERS OVER PACIFIC

By Sky-Route Manila Is Only Five Days Away From California

No. 1 on the roster of passengers will not be aboard when the skipper of the *Hawaii Clipper** gives her the gun for her 8,000-mile voyage from San Francisco to Manila, Philippine Islands, this week—the first public flight over the route in history.

Since 1932, Pan American Airways has held a signed blank check and this note:

"I don't know how much it's gonna be, but put me down and see that I get the first ticket.—WILL ROGERS."

But Will Rogers will not be the only disappointed would-be No. 1 on that list, which has grown to 1,100; it includes bankers, publishers, authors, actors and actresses, executives, honeymooning couples, first-flight fans and globe-trotters.

From these many, the following few were scheduled to be chosen: Thomas Fortune Ryan, 3d, San Francisco aviation executive; R. F. Bradley, San Francisco oil man; Mrs. Clara Adams of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, perennial first voyager; Col. Charles E. Bartley, Chicago wholesale grocer; Mrs. Vetta Averill and Wilbur May.

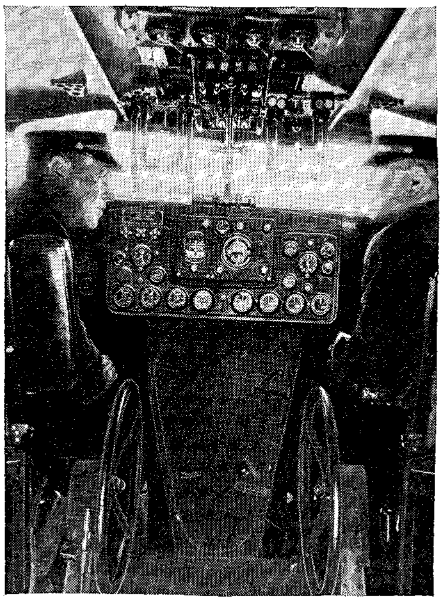
"Human" Mail—Standing on the pier watching the stowing away of the mail-sacks in the twentieth century Yankee clipper's fuselage may be some of those who offered to "post" themselves at seventy-five cents a half-ounce; others who wanted to qualify as live stock at the air-express rate of $4.13 a pound; perhaps even the Hollywood actress who tried to charter the plane for herself and friends.

The lucky ones who were chosen to make the first and longest hop—2,410 miles from California to the Hawaiian Islands—were selected from their ranking on the list. Tickets to Hawaii are costing them $366.64, round trip $648; to Manila $799, round trip $1,438.20.

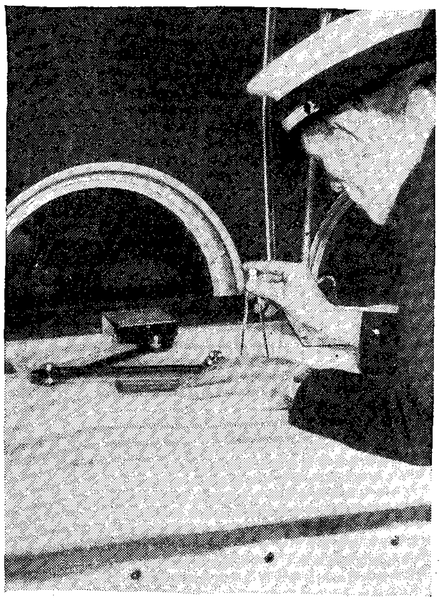
Their fares, tho, seem inconsequential against the $5,000,000 Pan American Airways had spent to make this trip possible. Years of planning by PAA technicians and pilots lie between this week's passengers and Will Rogers's tragic air-plane crash. As they stand on the Alameda tarmac of the dock, watching the silver flying-boat with 130-foot wing-spread being towed offshore, they see only the present—and the future.

After the *Clipper* has been signed out as airworthy by a Federal inspector (just as ships must obtain clearance-papers), the First Officer goes aboard to "run up" the engines. As they roar out their challenge of 3,200 combined horse-power, even the most timid must share their confidence.

Rough Start—Finally, boarding a launch, the voyagers surmount probably the roughest leg of their trip—the few yards of water separating them from the silvery hull of the big flying-boat. Up the gang-plank and settled into their chairs in the lounge, they see the Captain go forward to join the First Officer in the control-room. Then, with the clock-hands on the air-port's control-tower pointing to the precise hour of departure, the *Clipper's* four engines send out a deeper tune, cut off suddenly as the steward swings shut the sound-proofed door through which they entered the hull. Swiftly, the flying-boat begins her slide over the waters of the bay.



Pilots in the control-room follow a course



. . . mapped out in the chart-room

. . . while passengers travel in ease

As the *Clipper* faces into the wind, surging along faster and faster, the drumming of the waves against the hull suddenly ceases. The Captain and First Officer, facing the broad outlook window, settle down more comfortably. The *Clipper* is in the air.

For the passengers standing easily in the corridor just abaft the control-room, the omniscient steward explains the method by which the newest Yankee venture over ocean-reaches is flown:

"See those dials and gages on the instrument-board? One registers speed, another height; the rest tell how the engines are running.

"That curious-looking mechanism there is the artificial horizon. It operates under the principle of the gyroscope. When we're flying through clouds or fog, the skipper can't see the horizon to judge the angle of the ship's inclination; this artificial horizon tells us whether or not we're flying on the level.

"You see that small screen there, with a model plane on its horizon? That's us—in relation to the real horizon."

Tea Aloft—Tho the motors are droning under full power now, the passengers move about the twelve-by-fourteen-foot cabin-lounge, conversing easily, selecting their first meal, which the steward is ready to prepare in the galley just forward of the lounge. Tea is served with a couple of sandwiches, a cake or two; or perhaps coffee, chocolate or fruit-juices, but no liquor. And then for a foursome at bridge.

Settling down to the business of going places in a hurry, the voyagers discover that the *Clipper* is not a plane but a ship. Time is marked by bells; the watches of the crew of six are set by Greenwich Mean Time. Everything aboard moves according to the best merchant-marine practise. In the control-room, the First Officer is busy at his log-book, entering details as to height and speed, watching the functioning of the engines. At his elbow, the radio operator trades messages with ships below, passing on weather-reports at half-hour intervals to the skipper.

High above the clouds, speeding through millpond-smooth air at 9,000 feet, the windows of the ship look out onto the brilliant hues of a flaming Pacific sunset. And as the panorama fades into the star-studded purple of night, the steward again appears from his galley. Travelers, well acquainted now, look into a menu offering consommé, fricasseed chicken with fresh vegetables, salad, *petits fours* and coffee or tea.

Smooth Soaring—Dinner finished, the passengers amuse themselves as comfortably as if they were passing the evening in some cloud-scraped penthouse. At chess, no air-bumps topple over their knights; no vibration causes the eye to skip a line of a magazine article. In fact, so peaceful is this pleasant "evening at home" that passengers consider the idea of catching up on that long-neglected sleep.

Using the lounge, divided off by a screen, for a dressing-room, the weary travelers prepare to retire in their Pullman-like berths in the cabin behind the lounge. There, as in the crew's quarters just abaft

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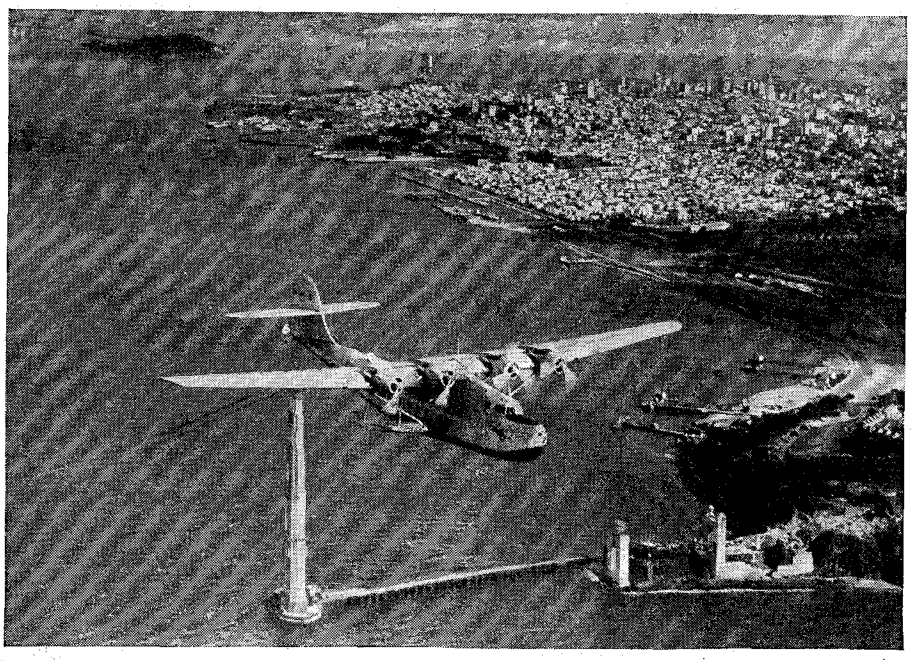
*Scheduled to leave was the *Hawaii Clipper*, which was due back from Hawaii after having carried newspaper men on a "preview" flight. The *Philippine Clipper* was due in Manila with high officials of PAA and their friends. The *China Clipper* is the third in the PAA trans-pacific service.



Over San Francisco Bay . . . the Clipper leaves its eastern terminal

the control-room, they find four berths in double-decked pairs. More than six feet long, they are as wide as the usual camp cot—and several times as comfortable.

While voyagers sleep, the *Clipper* drones along more than a mile above the earth, passing smoothly over the dark canyons that mark the crevices between the moonlit clouds.

With monotonous precision, the great ship eats up more than 2,000 miles, until at 5 A.M. the passengers are awakened to see the glorious burst of the dawn behind them. The ship is nearing the Hawaiian Islands.

Down through the thin haze over Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, it slides, its silvery, gull-shaped wings gliding in a straight line. Lightly, belying its twenty-five tons, it soars in a turn about the harbor, finally coming to rest in a frothy cascade atop a slow ground-swell.

Awaiting the aerial travelers are garlanded *leis* and grass-skirted girls, a day of Hawaiian sightseeing before the take-off at dawn on the morrow.

After Hawaii, night-flying is over. More passengers take off—fifteen all told—for the flights are shorter after the California-Hawaii hop. First stop is the Midway Islands, a group of atolls 1,304 miles farther west. Here, with the assistance of a ground crew, the *Clipper* takes on fuel.

Modern Hotel—Passengers, in the meantime, find on the insular outpost, after their day of flying, a trim little modern hotel with attractive quarters for the night. They are lulled to sleep by the booming of surf on the shore, the mewing of sea-birds.

Next day, they board the *Clipper*, taking off for Wake Island with its coral sands, low scrub and palm, lovely lagoon and another diminutive hotel. The third hop has covered 1,185 miles.

Guam, another American possession, with its heavily-wooded hills and coral reefs basking in brilliant sunshine, is the fourth stop, a 1,508-mile hop from Wake.

Ever westward, the *Clipper* finally settles down 1,589 miles from Guam at Manila. The trip is over—unless a leg to Macao, Portuguese island on the China coast, 718 miles from Manila, is added.

Express, mails and passengers pay for the new sky-route of the three modern *Clippers* that are retapping the lands once touched by Yankee clipper ships in search of the silks, spices and teas of the Orient.

Already, the *Clippers* are reviving trade among Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines. Shoes, slippers, leaf-tobacco, cigars, coffee, copra, Manila hemp and breadstuffs worth a million dollars were traded last year. Next year, these exports and imports may be doubled over the skyway.

Already, PAA is flinging another chain of air-bases like stepping-stones across the Pacific, this time to New Zealand and Australia. Three little islets, Baker, Jarvis and Howland, claimed by nineteenth century Yankee clipper skippers, are to serve as bases and intermediary stops on the sky-route to the antipodes.

Land planes probably will be used on this airway, for the waters surrounding these islands are too rough even for flying-boats. Hawaiian native colonists are preparing landing-fields for 1937 test-flights.

Next year, too, there is one last ocean to be conquered, the stormy Atlantic, where Americans, Britishers, Germans and Hollanders will vie for a luxury traffic. For those who want to fly the Atlantic in twenty hours, the cost will be $415 at first; later $265, perhaps.

PLANE TALK

Stainless steel offers more strength in proportion to its weight than any metal heretofore used for building air-planes, Edward G. Budd, Philadelphia pioneer of stainless, light-weight stream-lined railway trains, told Carl de Ganahl and Wilson L. Sutton, President and Vice-President of Fleetwings, Inc., Bristol, Pennsylvania.

When the two aeronautical craftsmen want to hunt ducks in Chesapeake Bay, they hop into their cabin amphibion and speed at 150 miles an hour for the Bayside blinds. There's room in the first stainless steel plane ever built for commercial purposes for a couple of other huntsmen.

* * *

On a map of Eurasia, draw a line from Paris to Bagdad, continue to Allahabad, India, extend it to Saigon, Capital of the French Colony of Cochin-China (French Indo-China), return the line to Cairo, then back to Paris. There are 13,629 miles on that flying race-course, world's longest skyway.

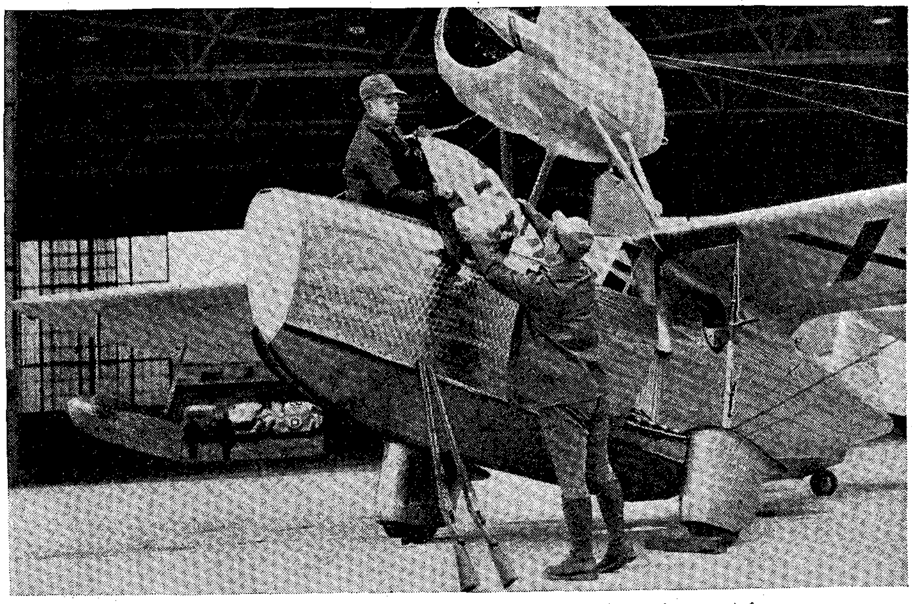
At dawn on October 25, Frenchmen, Britishers, Germans and Italians take off from Le Bourget Airport, Paris, on what seems likely to prove one of the longest and most difficult international speed contests yet conducted. They will divide 1,200,000 francs ($55,920) and the perils of death in the high, cold Alps or on the low, hot deserts sprawled over the sky-route to the Orient.

Hero of the race may be "Metal Mike," 1,176-pound robot pilot which some of the racers may carry in lieu of a colleague to relieve them at the joy-stick. The entire trip must be covered in ninety hours, including two days for rest at Saigon, tho some fliers may take less sleep. Winner is first to return to Le Bourget.

When the air-dash was planned two years ago it was regarded as a preliminary test to a round-the-world race in 1937, but that has been put ahead to 1938, the less-ambitious Lindbergh tenth anniversary New York-Paris flight next year taking its place.

* * *

Charles W. A. Scott won £4,000 ($20,000) by racing, with Giles Guthrie, from Portsmouth, England, to Johannesburg, South Africa, in the speed contest sponsored by Isadore W. Schlesinger, American-born South African capitalist.



Duck hunting de luxe: a four-passenger stainless-steel amphibion designed for sportsmen

MOSLEMS PRAYING FOR WORLD UNITY

"Send Islam a Leader," Is Cry of 209,000,000 Faithful

"There is no God but *Allah,* and Mohammed is his prophet!"

That wailing cry from the minarets of far-flung mosques calls 209,000,000 Moslems to pray for world unity in their dissension-torn religion. Last week it echoed on American shores.

In New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit and half a dozen other cities, Moslems kept their hats on but took off their shoes as they entered mosques or quietly met at a home of one of the faithful. Kneeling, their faces toward the East, their plea was: "Send Islam a leader!"

Worship in Brooklyn—In a dingy section of Brooklyn, New York's "Borough of Churches," 200 of them entered their rambling wooden structure. Taking off their shoes and neatly lining them up along the walls of the social room on the main floor, they padded up the steep, creaking steps to the second floor. With soft light from stained-glass windows lighting their way, the men filed to one side of the green curtain that divided their sacred place of worship; the women knelt on the other.

At the eastern end of the room, the *Imam* (leader), Samuel Refalowich, fifty-two-year-old Polish immigrant, mounted the three gold-painted steps of the altar. Kneeling under the canopy topped by a gilded star and crescent, he repeated from memory lines from the Koran. His face, when he spoke, was toward the east.

Eastward also were turned the faces of the men, kneeling on long strips of carpet and repeating other sections of the holy book. Silently, the women's lips followed (they are not allowed to pray audibly), carrying out their involved series of bowing exercises before "the one true God."

"Send Islam a Leader!"—No one offers this prayer to *Allah* more fervently than does tall, dark-haired *Imam* Refalowich, who brought to America from Poland in 1912 his love for his religion. Without money, he faced difficulties in forming a branch of Islam here. Taking a job as a furrier and satisfying only the barest needs of himself and family, he saved several hundred dollars. Gradually, he collected fellow Europeans of his faith and with them, in 1917, formed a congregation.

Still too poor even to consider making the pilgrimage to Mecca, required of every Mohammedan once in his life, they moved in 1922 into a church of their own.

Lack of money is the main problem of those of the faith in other cities. In Cincinnati, the only regular meeting place is a large, bare room, on the down-at-the-heels West Side. Established for ten years, the congregation of eighty-five meets three times a week. No increase in membership has been noted the past five years.

Chicago's Mosque—In the heart of Chicago's Negro district on South Wabash Avenue, a small apartment building serves as a mosque; it boasts a tiny minaret; its congregation of about 100 fills its meeting place. At the services on Friday and Sunday, about 75 per cent. of the faces are those of Negroes. Among this race, the faith apparently is on the increase.

More fortunate in their edifice were the Detroit Mohammedans, who built their mosque in 1921. Ten thousand strong, they finally broke up. Internal conflict ended in the sale of their building, allowing them to gather only at irregular intervals.

Worshiping *sub rosa* in the belief that Christians would resent their religion, Cleveland's 100 followers of Mohammed fear financial and social ruin. Many pose as Christians, even attending Christian churches. But in a compact section of the East Fourteenth Street district, they live a life of their own, holding private religious services in one another's homes.

Negro Members—A Negro Moslem church in Pittsburgh claims a membership of about 400. Services are held every Friday in their meeting place in the grimy "strip" district. Also, the International Institute, a division of the Y. M. C. A., reports a dozen Caucasian Mohammedans, single men, mostly immigrants.

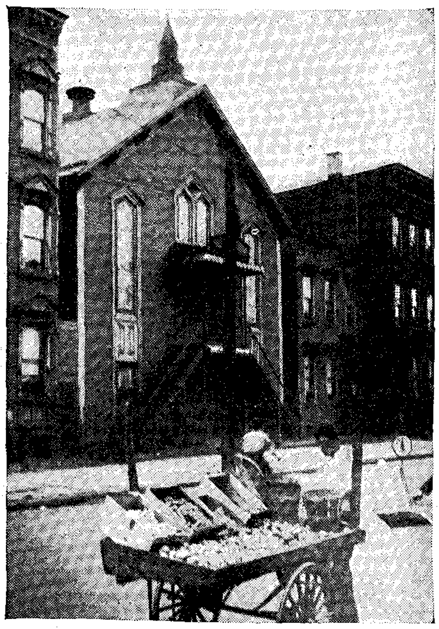
Michigan City, Indiana, has an active Mohammedan sect, with a few hundred members and a church of its own. Kansas City reports a few.

Beliefs—American Mohammedans believe, like their Eastern brothers, that one God created all things in heaven and earth, but that God had no offspring. They think Mohammed superseded Jesus and the other prophets, as the Koran did the Bible.

Mohammed was born the son of a poor merchant in Western Arabia in 570, A.D. Of medium height, lean and broad-shouldered, he possessed a well-shaped head, crowned with curly hair. He was an intense, volcanic preacher.

When about forty, he began to have hallucinations, hearing great bells ringing, a strange voice speaking. Finally he revealed to his wife that he was receiving revelations from the angel Gabriel.

Set down by a scribe, these messages became the Koran. Published as a volume only after his death, the Koran contained 77,000 words and constituted a moral code—opposed murder, theft, adultery, cruelty to women, dishonesty, lying, usury, luxury, gluttony and drunkenness.



LITERARY DIGEST Photo

Moslem Mosque in Brooklyn, New York

Five Pillars—To-day, one-tenth of the world's population lives according to the Koran's teachings, under the five pillars: (1) acceptance of the formula, "There is no God but *Allah,* and Mohammed is his prophet"; (2) prayer; (3) alms giving; (4) month of fasting; (5) pilgrimage to Mecca.

War against the infidels (*jehad*) is approved, immediate entrance to heaven being promised to those killed in battle.

On Judgment Day, the wicked will go to hell; the faithful will enter a wondrous paradise where flows a river whiter than milk. Drinking thereof or partaking of food of the most delicious variety, they will listen to heavenly music. Clothed in costly garments, even the commonest inhabitant, eternally young and vigorous, will be served by the "black-eyed daughters of Paradise."

Mockery and persecution followed Mohammed's first efforts to teach his beliefs in Mecca. But after his flight to Medina (the *Hegira*), he knew almost unbroken success through his quickly organized armies.

Wild-Fire Spread—Every other great religion won its way slowly and with many a reverse; not so Islam. Like a sheet of enveloping flame, it spread from beyond the Himalayas to the Pyrenees.

Conquered peoples did not find themselves mistreated. The gifted Arabians, in fact, bestowed cultural gifts upon the Moslems, fusing a new civilization.

After Mohammed's death, however, rival clans strove for leadership. Under the struggle for despotic power, the great Empire weakened. Turks took over the leadership, the ruler of Turkey (Sultan) becoming one with the ruler of Islam (Calif).

Under the Turks' fanatical domination, Islam looted Christian holy places, halted the pilgrimages to Palestine.

The Crusades—Christians then began the Crusades, while the Mohammedans continued their 600-year-long struggle to capture Europe. Finally, in 1683, the Turks were definitely defeated at Vienna, and Europe was saved for the Cross.

Racked by internal strife, Islam degenerated, lost her power as, one by one, decrepit Moslem States were partitioned among European Powers. England took India and Egypt; Russia, Central Asia; France, North Africa. Turkey's defeat in the World War apparently ended Islam's power, and when the new dictator, Kemal Ataturk, declared the Califate void, the outlook seemed hopeless.

But even at this dark moment, a new hope arose—Pan-Islamism. The goal is to unite the Mohammedan world under a new leader.

Answer to Prayer?—Last week, as the American Moslems met, they wondered whether *Allah* had answered their prayers in the person of a handsome black-eyed giant, six feet, four inches tall. He is Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, ruler of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, in which lies the holy city of Mecca.

Ibn Saud has carved out a kingdom for himself in two decades, taught the wild Bedouins to respect his law.

Not yet universally liked by Moslems, he stands out as the leading candidate to head a united Islam.

A SENSITIVE, RESTRAINED "HAMLET"

John Gielgud Disdains Rant in First of Three Broadway Revivals

The first *Hamlet* of a deluge threatening winter Broadway is John Gielgud, of London—tall, spare, blond, nervous and a triumph. Three *Hamlets* paced at the barriers before Mr. Gielgud descended on the New York theater. His intelligent, cerebral performance may not discourage the other two, but imposes on them the task of modernizing the hallowed rôle.

His nearest rival, for production in November, is Leslie Howard, also tall, spare, blond. The physical relation, plus a curious likeness in performance trickery, doubles advance interest. He either must change his style radically or furnish another *Hamlet* in the same mold.

Rantless—The Gielgud performance is sensitive, disciplined, disdaining rant and the roaring traditions of a succession of bellowing, melancholy stars. He reads his soliloquies quietly, as if pondering to himself, his scene before the castle when speaking with the ghost of *Hamlet's* father is accomplished with a profound sense of outraged filial love.

The "Queen" and "Hamlet" as played by Judith Anderson and John Gielgud

Mr. Gielgud's appeal lies in a new understanding of the rôle, a study of it that tears away the ancient stiffness and wild, eye-rolling antics. He is numbed by grief rather than shouting with it. He is bored with the prating *Polonius* rather than angered by him. He arrives at the grave scene a genuinely touched young man, deeply affected by the memories of *Yorick*, but simple in voicing regrets at the jester's death. Mr. Gielgud disposes of the skull gently, almost wistfully.

Modern—The result of spontaneity and direct simplicity is a modernization of the rôle, certainly, of the play, seemingly.

Mr. Gielgud has enormously valuable support from Arthur Byron as a *Polonius* who is not only a mumbling, crotchety old man, but also one equipped with a ready but dry wit. Likewise an ornament to the first distinguished production of the new season is Lillian Gish in the *Ophelia* rôle. Another star, Judith Anderson, plays the bewildered *Queen.*

Critical Opinion—Some critics were reluctant to garland Mr. Gielgud with complete favor, but in the main his reviews were ecstatic:

Brooks Atkinson, New York *Times*: "This is no roaring, robustious *Hamlet*, lost in melancholy, but an appealing young man brimming over with grief. His suffering is that of a cultivated youth whose affections are warm and whose honor is bright. . . . But it is accomplished somewhat at the expense of the full-blooded verse of Shakespeare."

RAGS AND RICHES: Theater Guild Presents Conflict Between "Haves" and "Havenots"

It is the annual custom of the Theater Guild to stumble and sprawl with the first play each Autumn. There is no break in the habit with "And Stars Remain," a play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, Pennsylvanians, twins and Hollywood scenarists. It is one more restatement of the conflict between riches and poverty, conservatism and liberalism. As a restatement, it is a pallid carbon of previous theater attentions to the problems of to-day.

The Epstein brothers have chosen to treat the conflict as a comedy, snickering derisively at Bourbon pomp, even finding clownish flaws in the most sincere and resolute young valiants seeking justice in politics. Their humor, as they probably knew, is crackling and acid.

Webb Without Music—The brunt of the play falls on lean, London-tailored Clifton Webb, a magnificent of the musical comedies. Temporarily doing his work without music, Mr. Webb is used as the debunker of the occasion, with wit as his weapon.

The play has to do with the political education of a well-bred woman by the violent young politician and district attorney who sent her to prison because she was involved in defalcation by her banker husband. It begins as a psychological study of a cultivated woman after prison life and ends with a salute to the WPA.

Gilbert W. Gabriel, New York *American:* "As something to act, and as somehow acted the thing's a tissue-paper bore."

"ST. HELENA": Maurice Evans a Credible Napoleon in English Dramatist's Kind Play

Party to an early season British domination of Broadway is Maurice Evans, whose vaults from one unrelated rôle to another verge on the acrobatic. A year ago, he was the immensely successful and vivid *Romeo* to Katharine Cornell's *Juliet*. Six months ago, he was the jittery, plaintive *Dauphin* to her *Joan of Arc*. Two weeks ago, for purposes of an American motion-picture test, he was the brash, impetuous *Petruchio* in a spirited scene from "The Taming of the Shrew." Ten days past, he made the first outstanding performance of the season as a doughty, humorous, sanely human Napoleon in "St. Helena."

This is an English dramatist's first kind word for the Corsican. R. C. Sheriff and Jeanne de Casalis wrote the play out of some of the tidbits of history and much of the gossip from the journals of the time. The effect is satisfying, producing, between play and Mr. Evans, a warmer, more, credible Napoleon than tradition approximates.

His Own Man—The aim of the Sheriff-de Casalis Napoleon, in the care of Mr. Evans, is peace, a confederation of Europe and the resolution that so long as he is in British hands he will not surrender his individuality. He is no furious pouter pigeon. Slowly, he gives up the dreams of power and escape, clings, even in physical crumbling, to individuality.

Richard Watts, Jr., New York *Herald Tribune:* "The last days . . . are contemplated with reticent and quietly eloquent sympathy."

MOVIES FOR MINORS: Scores of Organizations Help Parents Choose Films for Offspring

The easiest task in America for a parent is deciding what motion-pictures are suitable for a child to see.

The only requirements for a parent is that he or she must be able to read. Even that isn't necessary if a neighbor can read. Nor is judgment an essential. There are scores of trained organizations which do nothing else but supply the decisions and buttress them with critical judgment.

One magazine, one among dozens, was especially created to do this job for harassed parents. *The Motion Picture and the Family* exchanges experiences and decisions with better films groups throughout the country and prints the results. About 30,000 summations are distributed by this magazine every month.

Education Aids—Three of the principal educational journals—*Scholastic, Grade Teacher* and *The Instructor*—regularly supply news to school-teachers and children on those pictures which not only are suitable as entertainment for youngsters but which, at the same time, will contribute toward and aid education.

Parents' Magazine considers its motion-picture guide one of its most popular features. It issues reprints of its judgments.

In Chicago, municipal law has been extended to cover the protection of children. Theaters are required to display outside their lobbies an indication as to the suitability of the films for the family trade.

Cue, published in New York, distributed throughout the Metropolitan Area, functions in the interest of helping parents choose wisely the film fare of their children. *Young America* reviews only such films as are safe for youngsters.

In addition to all these, there is a swarm of small critical enterprises which, for altruistic or commercial reasons, gets out lists of films for children.

No one really interested in what kind of photoplays are good for children need be at a loss for information. There is a torrent of it pouring out daily, weekly and monthly.

In addition to periodical supervision, the motion-picture industry finds itself responsible to civic and religious groups.

Possibly the most influential civic group reviewing and reporting films is a composite organization called The East Coast and West Coast Preview Committees. This is an organization of nine national groups, reviewers being drawn from the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Society of New England Women, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the California Congress of Parents and Teachers, Inc., the National Council of Jewish Women, the Women's University Club, the Southern California Council of Federated Church Women, the California Federation of Business and the Professional Women's Clubs and the American Legion Auxiliary.

Simply put, their correlated reports are sent out under these classifications:

FAMILY, means suitable for children if accompanied by adults.

JUNIOR MATINEE means suitable for children alone.

Tabus—Taking it for granted that the more arrant sex themes automatically exclude a photoplay from the approved list for children, the committees also "crack down" when films deal too factually with these situations:

Gruesome or cruel scenes. Gruesomeness led to the suggestion that "The Last of the Mohicans" was not for small children.

Improbability. This caused "His Brother's Wife" to be listed for "mature" audiences. It was felt that children would be bewildered by the social suggestions, might furnish damaging answers for themselves.

Family disruption, divorces. "Second Wife" got a "mature" classification because of domestic difficulties pictured.

Homicide. "I'd Give My Life" was banned to children because of a murder sequence.

Wide World

Mrs. Thomas G. Winter . . . for better films

Rowdy actions in poor taste. For all that "Pepper" was designed to amuse youngsters, the committees called it a "family" picture but added: "A matter of taste." This was one picture where judgment was put squarely up to the parent.

Night life, drinking. Extended examples of both in "Sing, Baby, Sing," led the committees to recommend it to adults only and to add, "if any."

No feature-length picture, however innocuous, ever is advised for children under eight years. Possible departure from this ruling may be "Snow White," due next year, the first all-color feature-length fairy story film.

In addition, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, reporting for the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., issues a quarterly report on leading motion-pictures, each of which is labeled as to suitability. If a film is called "mature" it is not for children. In addition, she gets out a monthly report on pictures in the making, advising her readers well in advance of what is coming. This latter service is called "Out From the Studios." Her aim is to create a force for better pictures.

Leading religious groups in the work of supervising cinema for children is the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. It has set up a motion-picture reporting bureau which collaborates with the Legion of Decency in getting out Catholic appraisals. In addition to servicing clients with printed material it prepares a weekly radio report which is broadcast over thirty stations.

Broadcasts—Preview Committees and the Catholic group further extend their usefulness and influence by connections with Better Films groups of one kind or another in about 6,000 communities in the United States. The methods of dissemination vary according to locality and local conditions. Some arrange to have a list of family pictures published in the local press. Some avail themselves of municipal radio stations for regular broadcasts. In localities where neither of these outlets is available, mimeographed lists of family pictures are sent direct to the homes where there are children. There are regular subscribers for this service.

And when all this has been done to keep children from unsuitable motion-pictures, there remains one more tactic:

The mimeographed sheets are posted on the bulletin boards of schools, libraries and churches.

Study Guides—Special material often is prepared for schools and libraries. A small booklet called "Photoplay Studies" is prepared by Educational and Recreational Guides, Inc. It reviews pictures recommended by the Motion Picture Committee of the Department of Secondary Education of the National Education Association. It is put into the hands of students as a study guide, conditions them to becoming their own critics as their tastes crystallize.

In addition, this same group gets out a pamphlet as a guide to study of short photoplay subjects.

Books and Pictures—Library-Film Cooperation is the name of a service designed to bring about closer working between book outlets and film outlets. Libraries engaged in the service choose better-class films based on acknowledged literary classics and concentrate on these classics getting into the hands of youngsters prior to exhibition of the pictures.

Lastly, there is *The Library Journal*, with a well-rounded department for review and labeling of good films.

"The formula for a successful local campaign," wrote George J. Hecht, publisher of *Parents' Magazine*, in discussing the opportunities for militant community supervision of photoplays, "boils itself down to terms so trite that one hesitates to put them down. They are—much as we may dodge them—common sense and cooperation."

The cooperation is furnished by all of the review services listed. Common sense must come from the parent, who is the final authority.

Freddie Bartholomew's rowdyism did not give him a black eye with selection committees

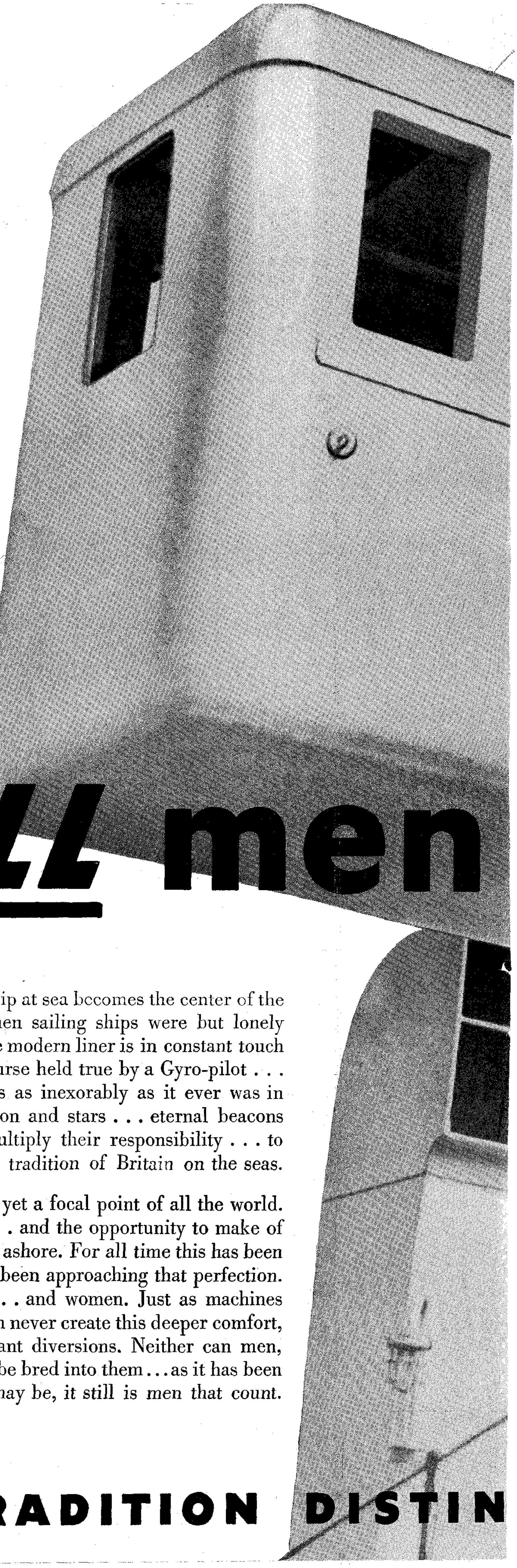
It's MEN that count

IN HANDLING SHIPS . . . . AND SERVING PASSENGERS

NARD WHITE STAR

The British Tradition distinguishes Cu White Star

In 1935 Cunard White Star published an advertisement entitled "It's MEN that count"... inspired by the frequent mention of personalities in letters from passengers: First Officer So-and-So, Ashford the steward, Richardson the head barber. It was said then that this kind of comment was significant ... it showed "how much more than steel went into the making of a ship... how binding a tradition can be, in the dining saloon as well as on the bridge".



It's *STILL* men

All who sail beyond the sight of land, know how truly a ship at sea becomes the center of the universe . . . the feeling remains as strong today as when sailing ships were but lonely and uncharted points on the blue of the globe. Though the modern liner is in constant touch with every shore, her bearings confirmed by radio, her course held true by a Gyro-pilot . . . the men on the bridge know that destiny is in their hands as inexorably as it ever was in days of sail. They check their position still by sun, moon and stars . . . eternal beacons of all seamen. The size of their ship only serves to multiply their responsibility . . . to make more vital and infinitely more valuable the stern tradition of Britain on the seas.

Passengers, too, feel this unique position ... isolated, and yet a focal point of all the world. To this is due the special congeniality of shipboard life . . . and the opportunity to make of that life something nearer to perfection than can be found ashore. For all time this has been true, and for nearly a hundred years Cunard White Star has been approaching that perfection. It can, of course, only be achieved by the efforts of men . . . and women. Just as machines can never replace seamanship, so mere material luxury can never create this deeper comfort, this serenity that soothes repose even as it enhances brilliant diversions. Neither can men, by will alone, attain it. Love of ships and of sea-life must be bred into them...as it has been in the sons of Britain. That is why, however huge a ship may be, it still is men that count.

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTIN

Staff Captain B. H. Davies, O. B. E., R. D., R. N. R., and Chief Officer Illingworth, R. D., R. N. R., on the bridge of the Queen Mary. The bridge house projects 12 feet and commands a full fore-and-aft view of the ship's 1018-foot length.

that count...

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suggest an autumn trip . . . to Europe in its gayest and most brilliant season. October crossings are delightful . . . and this largest fleet on the Atlantic offers an unequalled choice of sailings to many ports of the British Isles and the Continent.

Express Service to Cherbourg and Southampton:
Aquitania October 28 and November 11,
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Samaria . . . . October 30	*Laconia* . . . . October 24
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UISHES CUNARD WHITE STAR

A NEW DEAL FOR DINING DOODLERS

Hotels Supply Scrawlers With Pads to Conserve Table-Cloths

Everybody, as Gary Cooper pointed out some months ago in his film "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," doodles. Doodling is no more nor less than a sign of preoccupation, altho psychiatrists have another name for it—the overflow of the subconscious. Some people loosen up their subconscious by tugging at their ears. Some are nail nibblers. Others jingle coins. But the most common specimen is the inveterate scrawler who decorates telephone-booths, blotters, table-cloths or whatever he finds beneath the point of his pencil.

Indelible Scrawls—The table-cloth artist leads all the rest when it comes to damage resulting from doodling. Head-waiters sigh, stewards groan when they see a diner reach for a pencil and huddle his shoulders. They know he is about to spread his subconscious all over the damask and that the cloth's life is probably over. For most table-cloth artists use indelible pencils, and washing, instead of obliterating the drawing, makes it permanent.

At a recent convention of hotel executives in St. Louis, Charles E. Rochester, manager of the Hotel Lexington in New York, presented a partial solution. If diners want to scribble let's give them something—besides the table-cloth—to work on. A pad, he reasoned, placed conspicuously at all tables might save the linen.

The chain of hotels which employs Rochester took up his idea. To-day their dining-rooms in Chicago, Minneapolis, Dallas, Dayton, Detroit, Cincinnati and New York furnish white pads three and three-quarter inches by seven with the polite but firm invitation: "If you want to make a note—HERE'S THE PAD!"

So far, altho it's actually too soon to tell, it looks like a new deal for table-cloths. Most of the doodlers have been using the pads and leaving their subconscious overflow behind them. The hotels have saved the examples of amateur art and last week's collection (see cut) is typical.

Doodling Designs—Actual attempts at drawing are less frequent than numbers, names, and squares, circles, or triangles, joined together to form some sort of a design. Women attempt to draw dresses or hats they've just bought. And this season of the year, all amateur artists describe the floor plans of the new apartments to bored friends, supplemented by disproportionate drawings.

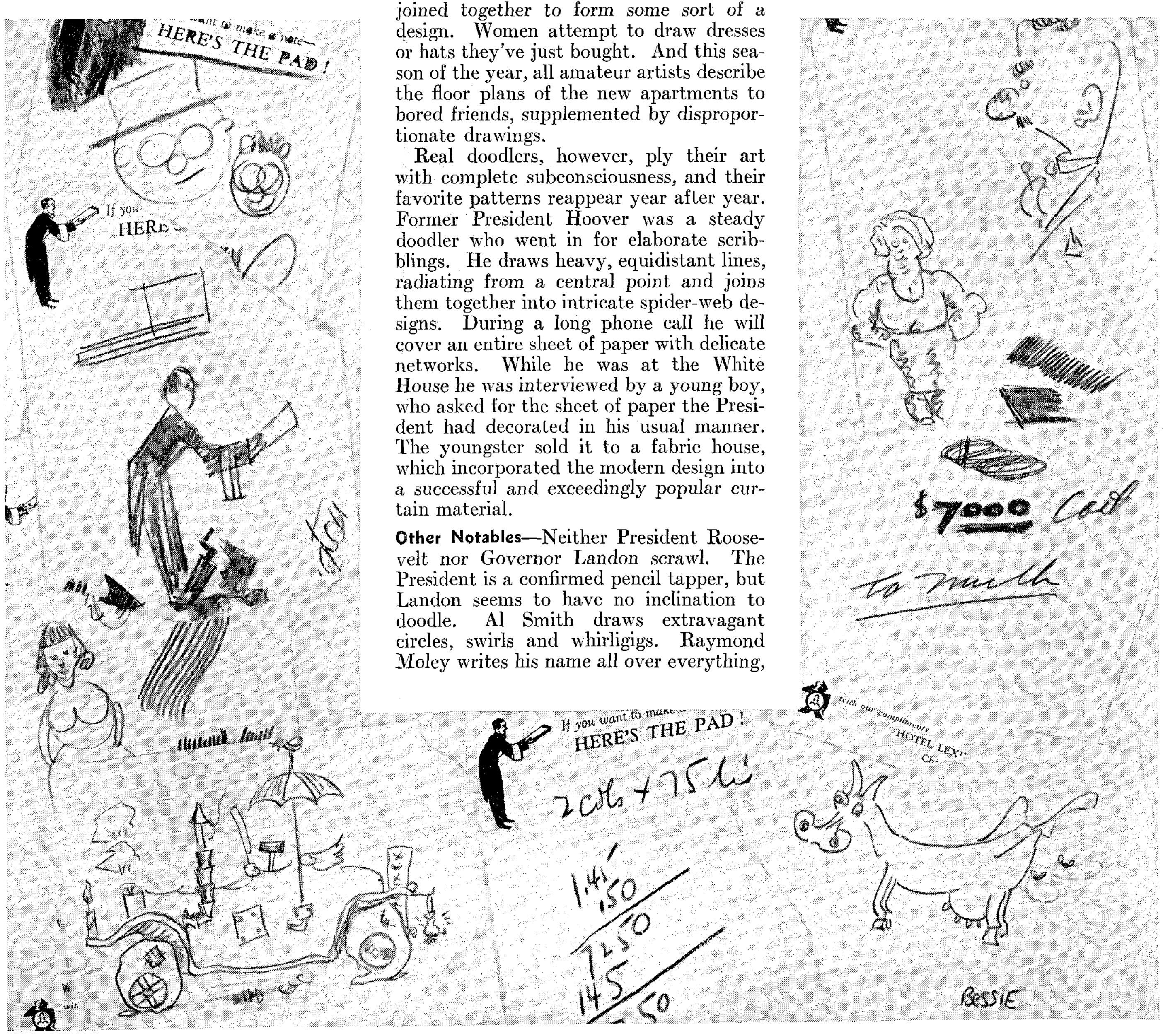
Real doodlers, however, ply their art with complete subconsciousness, and their favorite patterns reappear year after year. Former President Hoover was a steady doodler who went in for elaborate scribblings. He draws heavy, equidistant lines, radiating from a central point and joins them together into intricate spider-web designs. During a long phone call he will cover an entire sheet of paper with delicate networks. While he was at the White House he was interviewed by a young boy, who asked for the sheet of paper the President had decorated in his usual manner. The youngster sold it to a fabric house, which incorporated the modern design into a successful and exceedingly popular curtain material.

Other Notables—Neither President Roosevelt nor Governor Landon scrawl. The President is a confirmed pencil tapper, but Landon seems to have no inclination to doodle. Al Smith draws extravagant circles, swirls and whirligigs. Raymond Moley writes his name all over everything, starting with an enormous "R" which he retraces *ad infinitum*. Former Vice President Charles G. Dawes, while he was in office, wrote and rewrote the initials of his son, who had recently died.

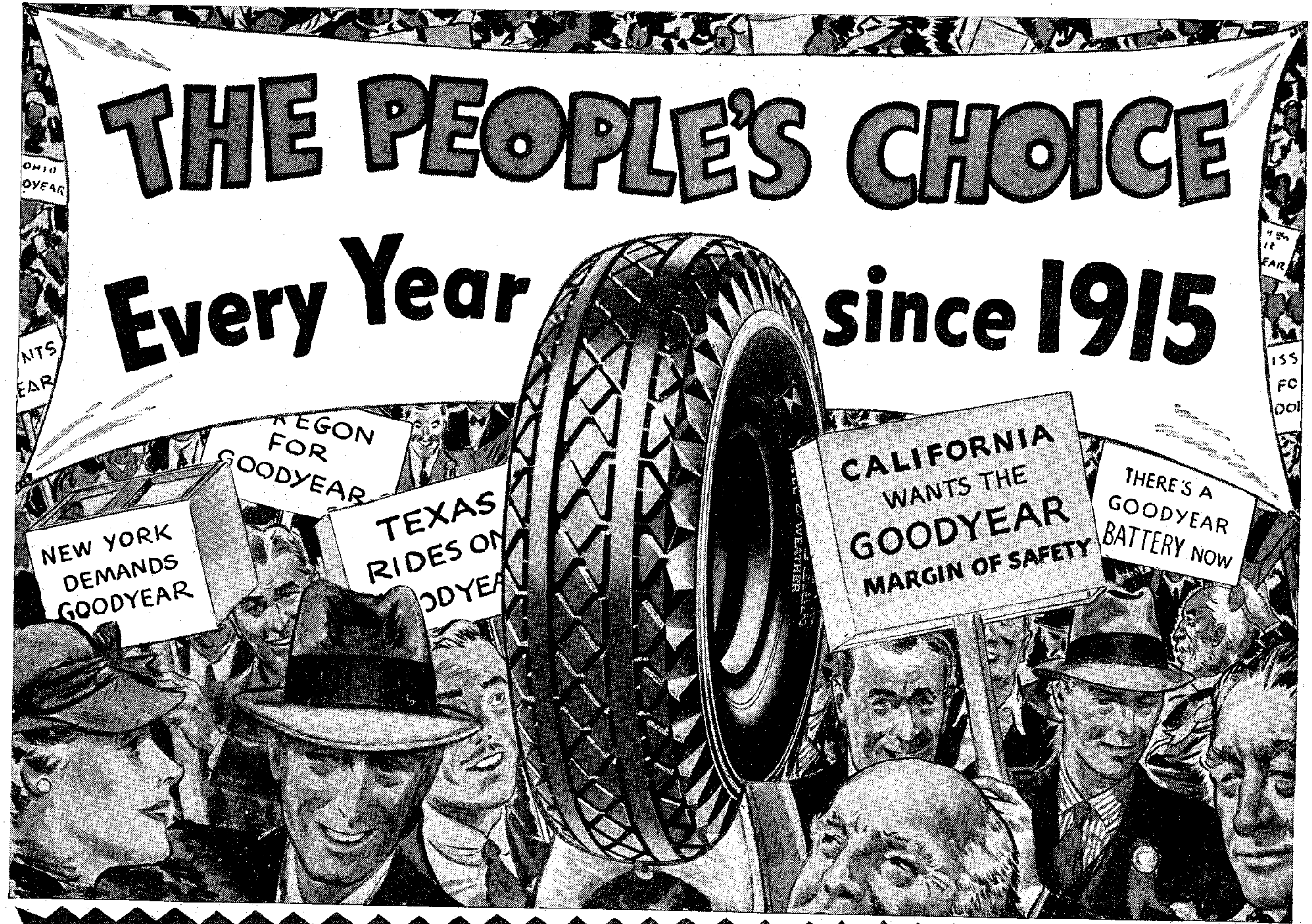
Psychologists don't attach too much importance to any form of doodling, except as a clue to behavior of an individual in the manner that they use reflexes as guideposts. Scrawls, however, give them one definite index to character. Circles and curved lines exclusively incorporated in a design indicate an emotional outgoing person. Angles, straight lines and boxes show a precise, introverted mind. If a person mixes circles and angles, all is not well with the overworked subconscious, but it does not necessarily follow that the mind is deranged.

Scrawled Clues—Detectives have more than once used scrawls as important keys in tracing criminals. After a murder, they first examine the telephone in the house of the victim, in search of pieces of paper with idle scribbles on it that might throw light on their hunt.

One Long Island, New York, murder was solved by such a clue. A torso of a man was found, wearing a shirt that bore many penciled marks, all scrawled in the same pattern. After a lot of tracking down the body was unmistakably identified—the most important clue needed—by nothing



Examples of subconscious art collected by the hotels which are encouraging pencilers to use paper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MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND but the characteristic scribbles. The identity established, his friends were questioned, the story of an enmity leaked out, and his murderer was captured.

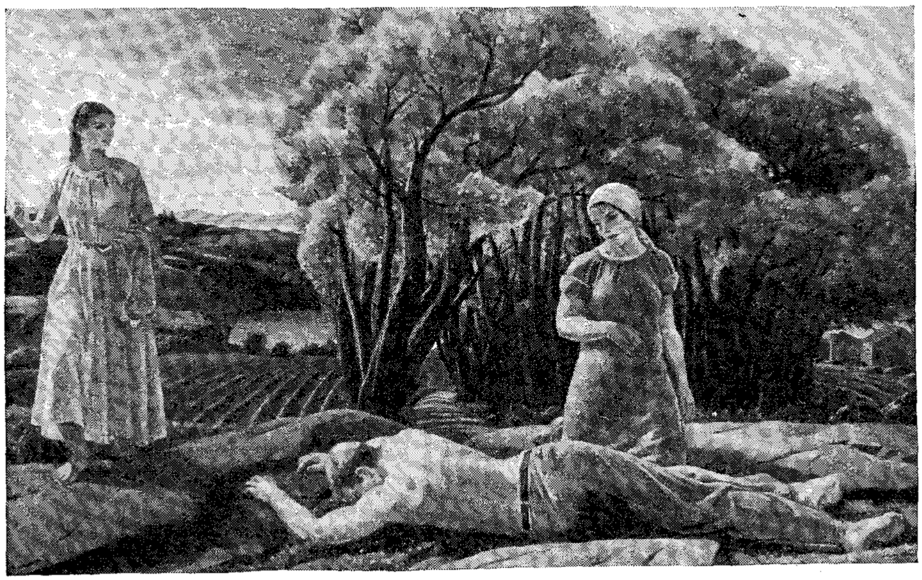
Booth Decorators—Telephone-booths are important links of evidence for detectives. If they find out that a criminal has used a booth near the scene of a crime, they make copies of all the scrawls found there. Without drawing attention to it, they place paper and pencil at his disposal during their questioning of him. If he draws anything that matches up with a scrawl in the booth, they have one bit of evidence.

Scribblers are almost as much annoyance to telephone companies as they are to restaurant owners. Public phone-booths get marked up so heavily by doodlers, that they have to be scrubbed clean once a week. For some reason the telephone company has yet to account for, booths in subways, elevateds, piers and bridges draw more doodlers than those in other locations.

CARNEGIE LAURELS: Exhibit to Promote World Peace Marked by American Clash

Pittsburgh's smoky haze blew blacker than ever last week. Burning words and derogatory phrases tossed from one group of artists to another added to the atmospheric density. The occasion was the opening of the thirty-fifth annual Carnegie International Exhibition of contemporary paintings and, within shouting distance, at the Gillespie Galleries, a rival show of discontented American artists.

The Carnegie show awarded this year's gold-coated prize plum—$1,000—to an American painter, forty-one-year-old Leon Kroll, for his "Road From the Cove" (see cut). Second prize and $600 went to the French painter, Pierre Bonnard, while Spain's Pedro de Valencia took third and $500. Four Honorable Mentions, with awards ranging in order from $400 to $100, were divided respectively among England, France, Italy and the United States, with Eve Kirk of England winning the first—the only woman to take a prize.



Courtesy Carnegie Institute

First prize-winner: "The Road From the Cove," by Leon Kroll

The bolt of artists from the Carnegie Exhibition that led to the counter-show was occasioned principally over the sordidly inartistic subject of money. Last year, the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers demanded that its members—and it has a good proportion of the country's leading artists—receive a rental fee from all museums showing their work. The Carnegie was one of several that declined to meet their request.

As the society forbids its members to lend their works to a museum without receiving payment of 1 per cent. a month of the object's value, many artists were automatically excluded from the Carnegie show, whether or not they had been invited to exhibit. Among the thirty-five artists showing at Gillespie's are: Louis Bouche, Isabel Bishop, Harry Gottlieb, Lucille Blanch, Waldo Peirce, George Biddle, Frank Mechau, Joe Jones and Emil Ganso. The Gillespie Galleries pay them no rental fee—commercial galleries are not included in the Society's ban—so that all the artists get from their show is a slim chance of a sale and a haughty bit of spite.

The world's only annual showing of international paintings was established in 1896 by Andrew Carnegie to promote appreciation of contemporary art, and to further understanding and good-will among nations. It has continued uninterrupted since that date, with the exception of five years during the World War period.

Cosmopolitan Display—This year's show has the works of fewer Americans than ever, altho they still dominate in number of entries from individual countries. Of the 323 paintings, ninety-five are by native artists and 228 by painters from England, France, Italy, Germany and Spain. The latter country's ace painter, Jose Gutierrez Solana, contributes a one-man show of seventeen paintings.

Until three years ago, when even art began to feel the unsubtle pinch of depression, any artist in any part of the world could submit a picture for the exhibit. The acceptance by a jury, when an artist was competing against six or seven thousand other painters, was cause for rejoicing. Because the museum had to economize and because the cost of returning unaccepted paintings ran into thousands of dollars, the free-for-all plan was discontinued.

In its place was substituted the invitational method, with Director Homer St. Gaudens doing the inviting, and a jury of four voting on the prize-winners. On this year's jury, appointed by St. Gaudens, were two American painters, Edward Bruce and Guy Pene Du Bois; the French modernist Pierre Roy, and the English Academician, Alfred Kingsley Lawrence.

Varying Merit—The entire show, with the possible exception of most prize-winners, is considerably less representative and below the standards set by exhibitions in the past. The pictures from Germany are exceedingly poor. Those from France and England lack both interest and strength, and the Americans make an equally poor showing. The Italian group walked, in fact ran, away with national honors.

This sinking of standards to the level of many a nation's financial plane can be blamed on substitution of the invitational plan for unrestricted submissions. The wily jurors, who refused to make a definite statement to that effect, let the general impression seep into interviews, however.

This year, too, more than ever before, the untried were permitted to show. Of 376 artists exhibiting, sixty—twenty of them Americans—showed their paintings for the first time. Young talent should be encouraged, the jurors were the first to admit, but it shouldn't be rushed.

Tho the late Andrew Carnegie's aim in starting the international show was peace, there has seldom been an exhibition that didn't arouse stormy battles after the prizes were announced.

Warring Critics—Critics always screech like stepped-on cats when their favorite painters fail to receive the honors they felt were deserved. Henri Matisse's "Still Life" (1927) caused a fine row. So did his fellow countryman Pablo Picasso's winning of the 1930 first prize. And when the jury awarded Peter Blume highest honors two years ago for his impressionistic spiral "South of Scranton," there were moans and wails aplenty.

Leon Kroll is likely to escape with fewer controversial scratches than previous combatants. His "Road From the Cove" is a beautifully imaginative painting, carefully balanced, simple in its major design, and wholesome in its appeal. It is the only canvas he has completed in the past year—his murals for the Department of Justice Building in Washington have otherwise occupied his time—and in it he executes his talent for handling both figures and landscape, without detracting from either.

The painting, which measures three feet by five, was done near his summer home, "Folly Cove," on Cape Anne, Massachusetts. The background is a composite of various parts of the countryside, just as the figures synthesize various models and friends. Kroll drove around the Cape sketching in various pieces of landscape that met his likes or composition needs—a plowed field, a green valley, a patch of trees. In the finished canvas, they were side by side, and seemingly belonged there, tho actually miles separated them.

Piecemeal Composition—The figures are composed in the same manner. For the central figure, he stretched a mattress out of doors, posed his model. Weeks later, indoors, he painted in the rocks. He used his wife's face on another figure, for its eager, peasant look; a student's arm and hand for the strength in them, and a professional model for the actual body. Finished, they come out as one integrated person.

There is neither symbolism nor propaganda in "The Road From the Cove," for

IT'S TEEMING WITH *thrilling innovations* ...THIS EXCITING 1937 STUDEBAKER

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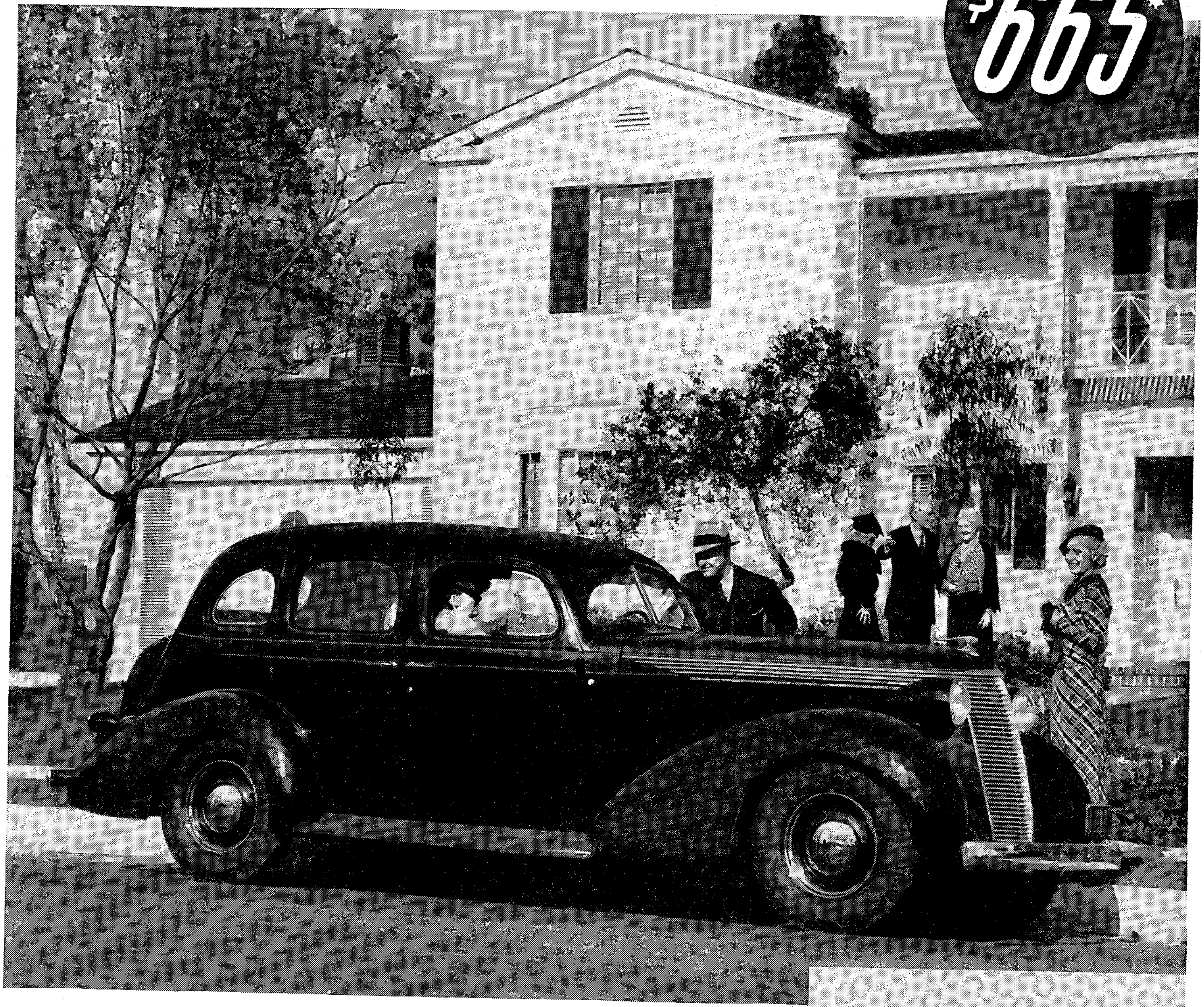

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Kroll shies away from both as often as he can. Instead, he tried to capture the feeling of Cape Anne. "The sensation of the place is that there are too many fine, powerful men who are not working, who want to work. That is why one senses a compassion in the woman—the feeling of grand manhood lying fallow."

Kroll calls himself, if anything, a modern romantic painter, and believes that art should not be localized—"it then becomes transitory." He tells a story of two people who saw his sketches for "The Defeat of Justice" mural in Washington. The first was a Russian woman, a radical. She viewed the sketches with evident delight and said, "What a wonderful indictment of Fascism." Then a conservative Englishwoman saw them, was as deeply approving, but along different lines. "What a fine blast for Bolshevism," she exclaimed.

And that, he believes, is successful painting.

NEW BOOKS: Adventures of a War Ace; Miss Stein Is Miss Stein; Van Dine Mystery

Sagittarius Rising. By Cecil Lewis. 301 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.50.)

A War pilot had three weeks to live in 1916. That was his average life span when the crack-ups, hurried training and clumsy air-planes were subtracted. Cecil Lewis was one of these young men, but when the idea of death occurred to him in a spare moment, he wasn't afraid. He knew he wasn't going to die. Why—he was eighteen; he'd been eight months in the service, and spent four of those months in France on the Somme offensive. Naturally nothing could happen to him.

Tho nothing ever proved more than a very close shave, many things did happen. It was just by chance that Lewis, barely seventeen, was admitted to the Royal Flying Corps. He and a school chum applied for admission to the Corps when the War broke out. Months went by, and finally they were given a none too favorable interview. More time passed, with official silence. When he plucked up enough courage to return to the enlistment office, they told him he was under age. He argued that he'd applied before the restriction was made, was enlisted and shipped to Brooklands for training.

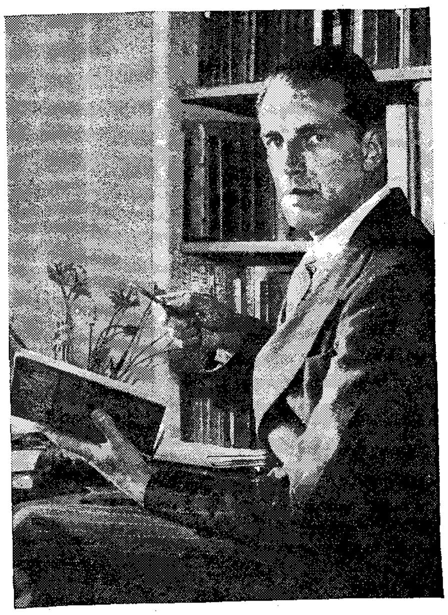
The Flying Greenhorn—At that time the first rush was beginning. After fourteen hours of flying, he was sent to France to report for duty. His instructor there was horrified by Lewis's lack of experience, for the greenhorn wasn't beyond the stage of landing a plane like a frisky young elephant.

Hours and hours of practise followed until the cub was a creditable pilot. He was turned out on his first assignment—to photograph the second-line trenches of the enemy. This was a ticklish job, with the anti-aircraft batteries of the opposition trained on him. These guns were known to the fliers as "Archies." The "Archies" fired; German Fokker planes pursued, as the young pilot was initiated into warfare.

Experiences followed one atop the other. Aviator Lewis became a regular scout. Daily he flew over the German trenches, watched positions and reported back on the strength of the enemy line. Daily he was "strafed" by the Hun "Archies." There were close moments as his gun jammed, or the motor failed, but he kept going.

Eyes weakened, he went home on sick leave. When he returned, five of his comrades were dead through the efforts of "Archie." Disheartened, he turned to plane-testing, actual combat, and finally defense of London in the Home Guard. Suddenly it was all over. The Armistice.

For a young man who had never had a pre-war life, this was a difficult period of readjustment. Cecil Lewis was twenty and accustomed to a nerve-straining life. He tried commercial aviation, but there was little of it. Finally he went to China to train Chinese pilots. It was slow, unsatisfactory work, and after two years he quit flying for good.



Cecil Lewis won praise from G. B. Shaw

Sagittarius To-day—For the last thirteen years, Lewis has made his way as a playwright and actor. His book comes as a first serious autobiography, and it has won him praise from Bernard Shaw. Impressed by Lewis's youthful good looks, poetical and flying abilities, Shaw has recommended the book as worthy of every one's attention.

While this is extravagant praise of a book which covers the now commonplace story of a war ace, it is in some measure justified. Presented with the month's most striking title, the often moving prose of Cecil Lewis compensates for the familiarity of his material.

* * *

The Geographical History of America, or the relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind. By Gertrude Stein. With an Introduction by Thornton Wilder. 207 pp. (New York: Random House; $2.50.)

Just as tho the problem—What is human nature?—wasn't difficult enough already, Gertrude Stein has written a book called "The Geographical History of America, or the relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind," in which she airs her views.

The book presents an extraordinary diversity of opinion. Bennett Cerf, the book's publisher, disclaims any pretense of knowing what Miss Stein is talking about. Furthermore, he quotes Miss Stein as saying he is dumb, otherwise he'd know what she meant.

Thornton Wilder in the introduction gallantly beats the tocsin for Miss Stein. For her he claims the hearing befitting a work of art. His explanation of "why Miss Stein is Miss Stein is," tells all non-believers this new book is worthy of their attention.

For her part, Miss Stein is serenely indifferent to both defender and publisher. Her book is replete with her usual gems. There are coherent passages such as: "February is a short month but altho February is a short month we Washington Lincoln and I were born in that month in that short month."

February managed to crowd all its activity into a few brief days. Into 207 pages Gertrude Stein packs an unbelievable number of words that will provide many an hour's relaxation for those who don't know what Miss Stein is writing about.

* * *

The Kidnap Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. 316 pp. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.)

This new *Philo Vance* story marks the tenth anniversary of the suave, quick-witted detective who solved the famous Carnary and Garden murders. In the current mystery, he unravels the kidnaping of *Kaspar Kenting* as he involves himself in considerable personal danger, following clues from one of midtown Manhattan's fashionable houses to a sordid hovel on the upper East Side.

District Attorney Markham is on hand to scoff as the shrewd *Philo* traces the criminals to their hideout. Throughout, the detective hero remains unruffled, dropping the "g's" from "interestin'" and straightening out the obvious and incorrect deductions of the official investigators.

Since it is against mystery story ethics to disclose the plot, it can only be said that this latest novel is a worthy successor to its nine forebears. Ten years ago, when the first of the series appeared, by name "The Benson Murder Case," S. S. Van Dine, really Willard Huntington Wright, was an unknown. To-day, he and his character *Philo Vance* are of national importance to the more than a million purchasers of the S. S. Van Dine detective mysteries.

Thumbing the Books

Autobiography—"An American Testament." By Joseph Freeman. (Farrar & Rinehart; $3.) This will probably rank with Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" as a story of an individual in relation to revolution. Freeman has written an autobiography of depth and importance, worthy of his prominent place on the current scene.

Widower—"Candle Indoors." By Helen Hull. (Coward-McCann; $2.50.) A not too exciting novel of a widower faced with the necessity of rearing three children. The characters are fairly standard, and the final development of the father into a wise and loving soul is not convincing.

Composer—"Stravinsky." By Igor Stravinsky. (Simon and Schuster; $3.) The life story of the man who will conduct the New York Philharmonic this winter. It was his "Sacre du Printemps" which could hardly be heard above the catcalls of its first Paris audience. Important to those concerned with modern music and one of its most original figures.

Chicago—"A World I Never Made." By James T. Farrell. (Vanguard; $2.50.) The author of "Studs Lonigan" writes the first volume of a projected four-volume story of his life. Its realism is unsurpassed, and the novel shows a marked growth in stature by one of America's most vital writers. "A World I Never Made" may be the "Main Street" of the 1930's.

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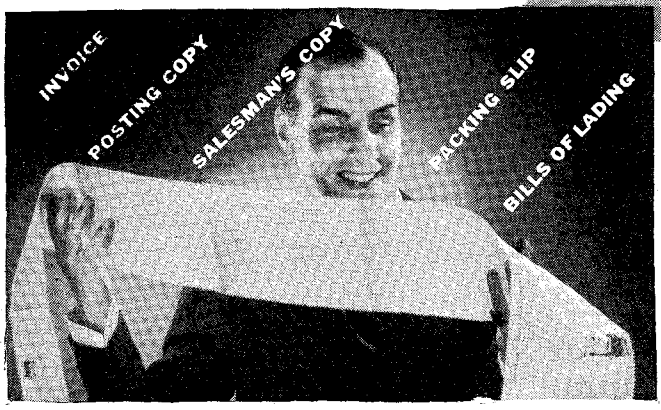

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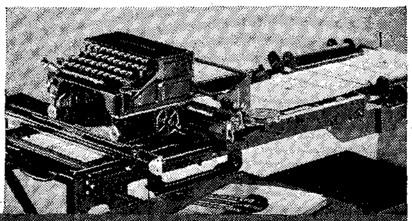

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I got the Thrill of a Lafftime

By Milton Berle

"Public Comedian No. 1" and Star of Radio's "Original Community Sing"

EVERYONE'S been telling me for years that my jokes have whiskers, so I decided to visit the Gillette factory in Boston and see what could be done about it.

What I saw there gave me the thrill of a lafftime. I saw batteries of 4-ton sharpeners, electric furnaces, machines that actually see through steel, more wheels than there are in a comedian's head, all going 'round and 'round.

"What! All this to turn out a little razor blade?" I asked. "Give me this plant for a week and I'll build you a Queen Mary."

Imagine, millions of dollars' worth of equipment to produce a shaving edge so sharp you can't even see it through a microscope! But, at least, after seeing how Gillette Blades are made, I can't see using anything else.

Once a would-be friend induced me to switch. "Get smart," he said, "you can save the price of a Kazoo by buying Ripsaw Blades."

His advice made me smart, all right. My face was sore as a Berle. Life was just one scrape after another. So I murdered my friend and went back to Gillette Blades.

A razor blade's success, like a professional funnyman's, is reflected in the audience's face. If it can leave its audience smiling, it's a hit. For real shaving pleasure, tune in on Gillette Blades. Yes, and tune us in Sunday nights on our radio show. Like a Gillette Blade, we promise you *"Never a Dull Moment!"*

* * *

In his own amusing way, Milton Berle has told you what he saw on his recent visit to the Gillette factory. Like Graham McNamee, Frank Buck, "Bugs" Baer and other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest science can produce. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and get a new thrill in shaving. You will be surprised how easily the Gillette Blade whisks off stubborn whiskers.

With these facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Insist on Gillette Blades.

Smile with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Science and Medicine

NINETY YEARS OF GENERAL ANESTHESIA

Doctors Celebrate Event That Made Modern Surgery Possible

Two big men, stern of face and strong of muscle, stared in mystified silence at the pale patient with a tumor on his leg lying on the operating table under the dome of Boston's Bulfinch Building. Dr. J. Collins Warren did not need them that afternoon—October 16, 1846—to perform their customary "surgeon's assistant's" task of holding down the patient while the doctor cut.

A little late, and much flustered, Dr. William T. G. Morton, dentist and medical student, entered.

"Sir, your patient," said Doctor Warren gravely to Doctor Morton.

Doctor Morton took from a bag a globe-shaped glass device attached to a breathing tube—his improvised "inhaler." He poured into it a few drops of sweet-smelling, volatile fluid and inserted the tube in the patient's mouth.

The awed victim fell into a quiet sleep. Doctor Morton stepped back, bowed and said softly, "Sir, *your* patient."

A little while later, the tumor was gone, and the two assistants and others in the room had seen the first public use of anesthesia.

Anniversary—Last week, in that same old-fashioned operating room, preserved with minor changes by the Massachusetts General Hospital as a museum of anesthesia, a handful of doctors and their guests gathered to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of that event.

Doctor Morton used ether. It remains the surgeon's favorite anesthetic. Eight out of ten operations are still performed under ether, because it is the safest, least expensive drug in the anesthetist's knapsack, and one of the easiest to give.

The Morton inhaler permitted the patient to breathe the raw gas rising from the liquid. Soon afterward, doctors learned that anesthesia could be more readily produced with a paper cone, bearing a wad of supersaturated cotton.

To-day's tumor sufferer, or any other of the 1,000,000 patients who enter hospitals daily in this country, the majority to get operations and treatments involving anesthetics, finds the process simplified. An inhalation mask fits over his mouth and nose, a regulated flow of ether drips from a cup through gauze, vaporizing it; the patient's breath enters a collapsible bag, which collects carbon dioxid, a breathing stimulant, and lets the patient breathe it over and over. A little oxygen is added to the mixture from time to time as needed.

Gentle Ministrations—Altho nurses often administer ether, there is no place now for the burly assistants.

The task has become a medical specialty and the anesthetist must make as careful preoperation studies of his patient as the surgeon.

He must remember, for example, the warning by Dr. Paluel J. Flagg, New York anesthetist, in his book, "The Art of Anesthesia," to make a thorough search for loose teeth, loose plates, throat obstructions, for such things may cause embarrassment or difficulty when the patient is unconscious.

He must size up the nature and nervous susceptibilities of his patient. A big, hulking farm-hand is easier to anesthetize than a worried bookkeeper. A housewife will give more trouble than either.

The hardest person of all to anesthetize is the jittery, jumpy debutante who drinks cocktails too copiously, smokes cigarettes, stays up late nights.

Generally speaking, a habitual drinker is more resistant to anesthetic than a tee-totaler, a tobacco user more so than an alcoholic.

Old persons and babies require more anesthetic to produce unconsciousness than persons of middle age, and women are harder to anesthetize than men.

© International

Modern anesthesia is a medical specialty . . . each patient requires individual study

To-day's anesthetist also must choose his drugs to suit the occasion. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the foremost literary medico of the day, who coined the word "anesthesia" from the Greek to identify science's means of providing insensibility to pain, knew of only two anesthetics, ether and nitrous oxid.

To-day, counting soporifics (sleep producers), sedatives (nerve quieters), analgesics (pain deadeners), hypnotics (forgetfulness promoters), local anesthetics and general anesthetics, there are more than 200.

Some of them:

Barbiturates: Fifty or more derivatives of barbituric acid, a synthetic chemical from which most headache powders are made, can produce anything from mild drowsiness to profound sleep and even death.

Morphin compounds: Several of these, given by injection, produce numbness and freedom from pain.

Synthetic chemicals: Produce partial paralysis by injection into the spine and permit major operations without putting the patient to sleep, merely numbing the part to be operated upon.

Drugs: Can be injected into the nerve ganglia, putting these bodily telephone switchboards temporarily out of order.

Gases, Liquids and Pills: Capable of producing anesthesia of various depths. A whole galaxy of these—some especially adapted for abdominal operations, some for brain surgery, some for childbirth.

Value—Without such aids nine out of ten of all the operations performed to-day would be impossible; surgery would be limited to setting bones, cleaning wounds, opening boils, snipping off fingers.

Which does not mean that even before Doctor Morton's day surgery lacked means of allaying pain.

Ancient Egypt knew soothing anodynes; her surgeons used sleeping-potions that contained opiates and alcohol. Some also were skilled in producing surgical unconsciousness by pressing on the carotid artery of the neck, until sleep came from anemia of the brain.

Another method was to press nerve ganglia, causing temporary paralysis. Still another was hypnotism.

South America's civilized Indians practised surgery with the aid of coca-leaves chewed with lime, a crude method of extracting cocain. Alcohol was widely used throughout the world to fortify the patient for a surgical ordeal, and the Romans knew how to produce local numbness by freezing.

Sleep—But none of these produce positive results. Surgery was awaiting a substance that would produce sleep at will, keep the patient unconscious as long as necessary, and still do no permanent harm. It was within grasp for years before any medico took the necessary step to use it. In 1800, Sir Humphrey Davy, experimenting with nitrous oxid (laughing-gas) noted that a few whiffs of it would relieve pain. In 1818, the chemist Michael Faraday, showed that ether, produced by a reaction between sulfuric acid and alcohol, produced drowsiness when breathed.

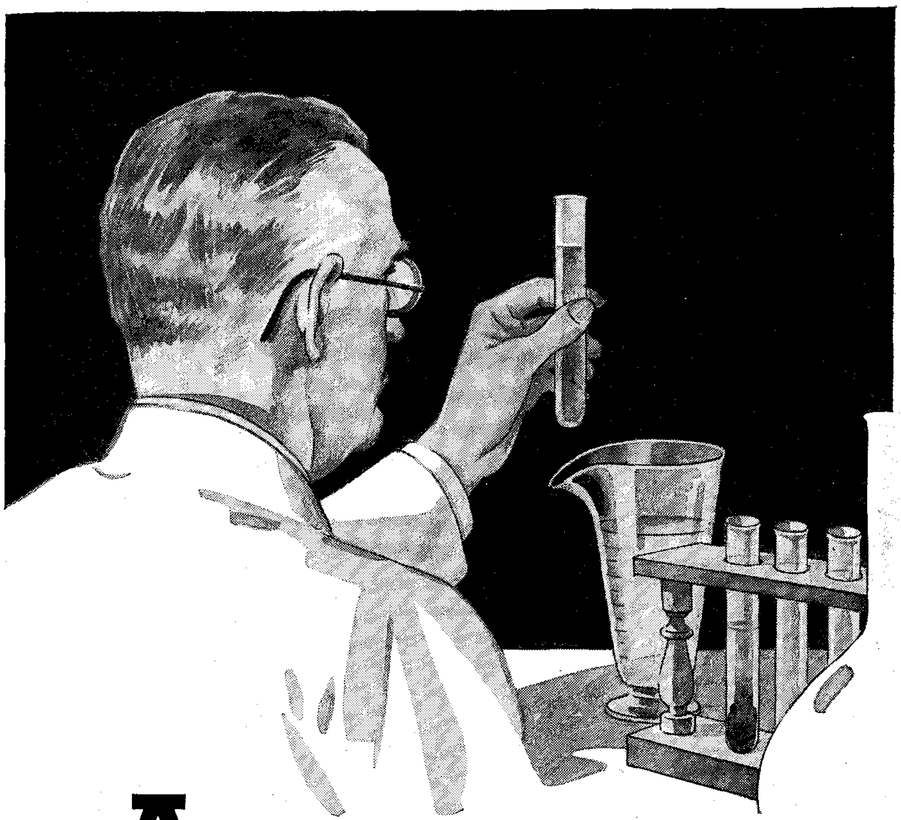
All that came of these discoveries immediately were "ether frolics," gay parties of medical students at which ether was inhaled to produce numb drunkenness. Nearly a century ago, Dr. Crawford D. Long, of Jefferson, Georgia, noticed that students at these frolics were not affected by pain, and on March 30, 1842, he performed an operation with the aid of ether.

No publicity attended the feat; it was not known outside Georgia until years later, when Doctor Morton attempted to patent ether as an anesthetic, precipitating a fight that ended by recognition of Doctor Long's pioneer work. His statue now stands in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington.

WEATHER PAINS: Doctor Confirms Forecasting Powers of Rheumatic Twinges

JOKE—The aged porter of the meteorological office was about to retire and was given a farewell party.

"Unfortunately," said the president, "we must part, but with your departure the institute loses its reputation for the most reliable weather forecasts in the



AN ELEMENT

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Like electricity, this element is invisible. In a business it creates great confidence. In a manufactured product it insures the highest standards of quality.

As an ingredient of wire rope, this precious element produces a quality of endurance and satisfactory service far above the average.

The two men who founded the Broderick & Bascom Rope Co. sixty years ago possessed this intangible element in the highest degree. They imparted it to their infant industry. They incorporated it in their wire rope. And this principle has been maintained through all those sixty years.

The elder Broderick and Bascom developed Yellow Strand Wire Rope, which was instantly recognized as of surpassing quality—a super-rope. Recently preforming was added.

In "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand the wires and strands are shaped to their helical form before they go into the rope. Result—a rope that is largely pre-broken in, practically free from internal stress. It is limp, easy to handle and install, and surprisingly resistant to kinking and fatigue. The natural result is longer life and economy.

Users of wire rope who use "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand in construction, road building, logging, mining, in industrial plants, find that use genuinely profitable.

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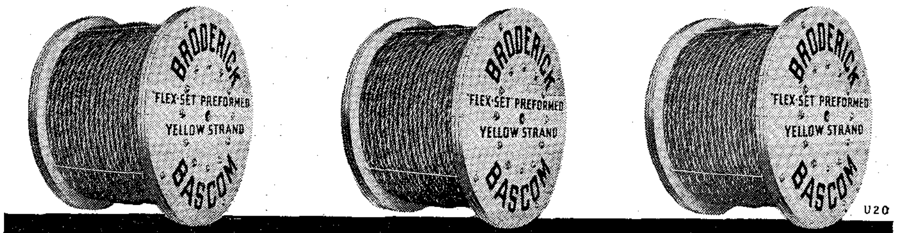

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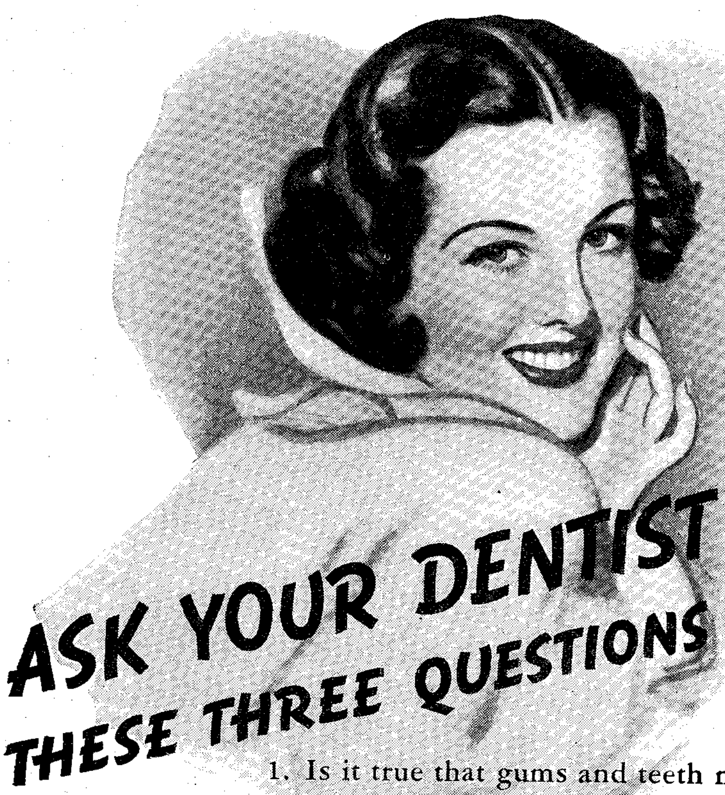
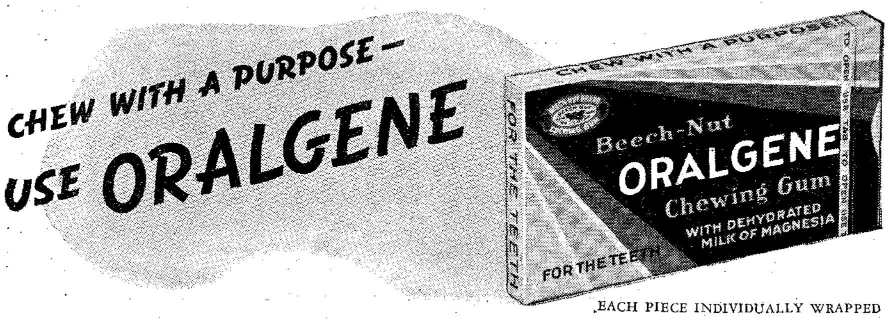


1. Is it true that gums and teeth need special exercise?
2. Would you consider chewing gum a valuable aid in cleaning teeth after meals?
3. Will milk of magnesia help prevent mouth acidity? Is this valuable?

ORALGENE chewing gum helps you answer all 3 questions! Oralgene gives the exercise you need to help strengthen gums and the spongy tissues that support the teeth.

All chewing gum helps but ORALGENE is particularly valuable because of its specially firm texture. ORALGENE helps clean the teeth systematically and easily, removing food particles that even your toothbrush sometimes misses. *ORALGENE* contains enough dehydrated milk of magnesia to help fight mouth acids all the time you are chewing. This is especially valuable in cleansing the mouth after meals.

That's why we say—see your dentist at least twice a year . . . and



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world. Your sensitive corn is an absolutely irreparable loss to science."—*Berliner Illustrierte.*

FACT—Last week, in *The Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine,* Dr. W. P. Elhardt, of the Department of Psychology, University of Illinois, published the results of an investigation to see whether there is any truth in *Grandfather's* assertion that he can forecast weather changes by his rheumatic pains; *Aunt Kitty's* belief that her corns invariably tell when a storm is approaching.

Despairing of pinning down the forecasts of a great number of rheumatics, Doctor Elhardt determined to get a complete record of the twinges of a single person, and chart them against changes in temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, wind velocity and hours of sunshine.

For a subject, he finally selected a wounded war veteran whose mutilated shoulder pained him at weather changes. During a six-months' period, from January 1 to July 1, the veteran faithfully recorded his pains, while Doctor Elhardt kept tabs on the weather.

Fifty Times Right—In the six months, the veteran's pains predicted weather changes exactly fifty times.

In each case the pains were correct; the weather did change. But there were also a number of weather changes the pains did not predict.

Puzzled, Doctor Elhardt patiently compared, the pains with the six weather variables of his charts.

He found that only thirty-nine pains occurred during a drop of temperature; that only thirty-eight occurred during an increase in humidity; that only twenty-eight occurred on a decrease of barometric pressure.

None of the variables, evidently, was the cause of the pains, nor did any combination of them invariably produce the twinges.

Emerging at length from his computations, Doctor Elhardt was forced to grant *Grandfather* his weather-forecasting rheumatism, *Aunt Kitty* her storm-warning corn-pains, without being any more able to explain them than when he began.

"No doubt there is some other agent, or agents, as yet unobserved, which accounts for the recurrence of the pain," sighed the investigator.

HEALTHY DIETS: Education on Calories and Vitamins Spreading in Underfed World

The average American eats fifteen times his weight every year (2,190 pounds). It gives him 730,000 calories of energy, equivalent to the heat in a tenth of a ton of coal; to say nothing of vitamins, minerals and other vital chemical constituents.

Last week, at Boston, members of the American Dietetic Association, whose concern is whether Americans are getting enough of the various food elements, in correct proportions, heard how the results of their work have spread around the world.

Education—"Java," reported Prof. Clair Elsmore Turner, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "has in operation one of the best-adapted pieces of general health education for adults found anywhere in the world." Siam's new Government is working to make schoolchildren healthier. In India, leaders in education are hammering health courses into the curricula. Throughout Europe, the type of health education used in American schools is being copied.

In the Far East, Professor Turner found China and Japan using standard American texts and leaflets on health education, translated into their own languages.

But for all that, the world is still markedly underfed, reported another researcher, Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, of Columbia University. Doctor Rose, who was a member of the League of Nations' Committee on Nutrition, said that Western Europe alone has thirty to forty million people living below reasonable nutritional standards.

Diabetics' Delight—Good news for diabetics was contained in a report by Dr. Elliot P. Joslin, of Boston. The new protamine insulin has so much improved the action of that life-saver that diabetics can now eat heartily by comparison with the old days.

Weighing and measuring of food must be continued, but the smoother action of the new insulin enables the patient to eat more palatable foods, live a more nearly normal life.

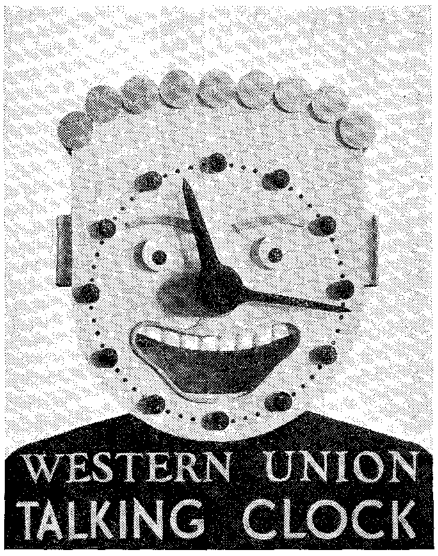
Even small children may be taught to give themselves insulin, measure their food for each meal, select proper foods from the family menu.

News for Gnawers—It is a popular belief that Eskimos have good teeth because they chew more than white men: but it isn't true. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Harvard-bred explorer of the Northern waste-lands, who lived a year on nothing but meat to prove it could be done, told the dieticians that Eskimos chew no more, probably less, than Europeans or Americans. As for using the teeth to tear meat or gnaw bones: no well-bred Eskimo would think of it, said Stefansson.

For those who expect to eat meat with Eskimos without offending, he offered this lesson in etiquette:

Eskimo Etiquette—"Take a good-sized piece of meat in your left hand and a knife in the right. With your front teeth, nip lightly into the edge of the piece, just to get a good hold, then cut in front of your lips.

"This piece of meat is not likely to be larger than one you cut with knife and fork when you dine politely on a sirloin."



Western Union's talking clock announces the time . . . with an advertising message

SCIENCE SHORTS

Talking Clock—Moving advertisements in taxicabs and autogiros that flit along beaches with towed banners are not enough; the Western Union Telegraph Company now has developed a clock that talks. Every quarter hour, it announces the time, followed by an appropriate message, like "Special sale of women's fall clothes—fourth floor." Next improvement, announces Western Union, is a clock that will sing; they already have one in hand, but it isn't ready yet for the public.

* * *

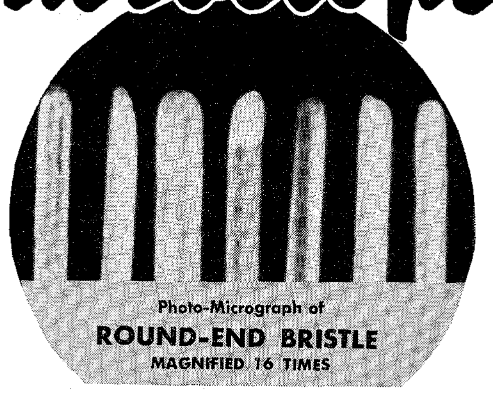
Air Scouting—The United States Department of Agriculture is so pleased with its first autogiro, used in aerial scouting for diseased plants, that it recently bought a second one. Both will spend the winter in Florida, looking for wild cotton on the Florida Keys. Last summer, aerial observers spotted 631 trees with Dutch elm disease in New Jersey. They were able to sail along at less than twenty-five miles an hour, 200 feet above the tree-tops.

* * *

Dumping Barge—When the Alaska Juneau Mining Company found recently that the cost of dumping waste rock into Gastineau Channel, near Juneau, was eating up profits, engineers were prodded to find a cheaper way. They rose to the occasion, inventing a double-sided barge. The top side is loaded, towed to mid-channel. Valves are opened, flooding part of the interior. Over goes the barge. The bottom side comes up, valves are closed, and the barge is ready for a new load. Dumping 600 tons of rock requires just three and a half minutes.

Under the Microscope

Photo-Micrograph of
ORDINARY BRISTLE
MAGNIFIED 16 TIMES



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If you now use a small brush, ask at your regular drug counter for the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Small Type for Adults*. If you prefer a slightly larger size, get the Pro-phy-lac-tic *Regular Adult*. Either is 50¢. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

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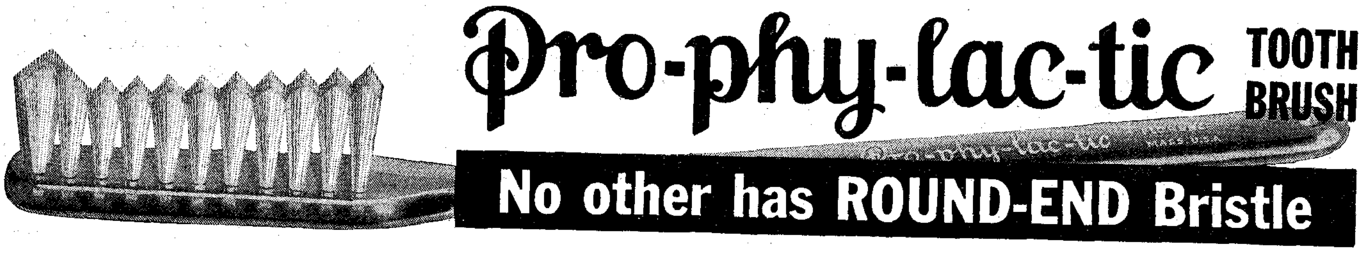
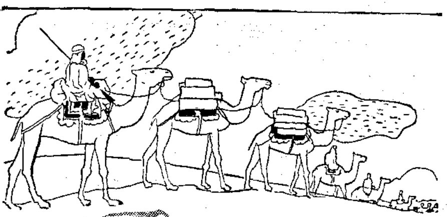


No other has ROUND-END Bristle



MARCO POLO
(1254-1324)
Commissioned by Kubla Khan to bring Christianity to China, the Polos set out two centuries before Columbus. Away some 20 years, Marco's relatives scoffed at the tales he brought back. *Not until* 600 years later, were some of the lands described by Marco Polo rediscovered to Europeans.

TODAY
MARCO POLO
WOULD SAY:

"Don't expect people to believe the tales you bring back from the 1937 World Cruise of the Reliance. They'll be too envious.

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As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

babel, babble.—"D. McI.," Tuckahoe, N. Y.—The word *babel* characterizes tumult or confusion as of sounds, and is pronounced *be'bel* (first *e* as in *prey*, second *e* as in *get*). *Babble* characterizes incessant idle talk; senseless prattle; gossip, and is pronounced *bab'l* (*a* as in *fat*). This word is from Middle English *babelen*, to prate; mumble repeatedly; chatter. *Babel* is from the Hebrew name of Babylon, so called from the association in *Genesis* with the idea of confusion, but by some scholars it has been traced to Assyrian *bāb-ilu*, gate of God.

countless.—"W. R. H.," Pontiac, Mich.—Despite the fact that the dictionaries define *countless* as, "Incapable of being counted or estimated," general usage admits of a broader definition. Few things upon this earth can not be actually counted by the scientists in their laboratories; hence, the term *countless*, in its strict sense, is rarely applicable. We can still refer to *countless* stars in the heavens, and *countless* drops of water in the sea, but the term is employed, and by reputable authorities, in the sense, "that can not be *readily* counted or estimated." This usage must necessarily be described as "loose," but it has excellent authority.

"I by."—"R. W.," New York City.—The expression "I by" (not "I *buy*") is a contraction of "I go by," meaning "I pass." Definition 15 of the verb *pass* reads: "In card-playing, to yield an option to the next player; decline to make the trump or otherwise risk a play."

Palamino (the).—"R. I. P.," Creston, Iowa.—The *Palamino* is a horse whose ancestry was principally of Arabian stock. The particular type of *Palamino* found in the State of California, where numbers of such horses are owned, is said to be a direct lineal descendant of the famous mounts used by the early Spanish conquistadors. The word *Palamino* is derived from the Spanish, and means a "yellow" or "cream-colored" horse. The *Palamino* is famed for its endurance, intelligence, and the easy jog or "Spanish trot," which gives it considerable ground-covering ability. The primary use of the *Palamino* horse is for stock and show purposes.

right, left.—"O. D. A.," Lakeside, Calif.—In legislative bodies of continental Europe, the noun *Right* is applied to the party seated on the right of the presiding officer, and usually upholding the government in power for the time being; in some countries, the Conservative party: opposed to the *Left* or Liberals. This use of terms arose in 1791 in the Legislative Assembly of France, and has been gradually extended. In European politics, the term *Left* designates the liberal, radical, or democratic party, because its representatives usually sit on the left side of the deliberative body.

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Social Service

GREAT SLUM GOES: PWA Transforms Many Lives in Williamsburg District of Brooklyn

Drizzling autumn rain soaked huge mounds of yellow earth, formed puddles in new cement foundations last week, as a thousand spectators cheered cornerstone-laying ceremonies at *Uncle Sam's* largest slum-clearance project, twelve blocks of Williamsburg tenement district in Brooklyn, New York.

Damp but enthusiastic, four leading champions of government housing shared trowel-wielding, mortar-spreading, speech-making honors, grinned as the huge, granite stone swung into place.

They were: square-jawed U. S. Senator Robert F. ("Bob") Wagner, author of the Federal Housing Bill; New York's energetic, outspoken Mayor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia; City Housing Authority Chairman Langdon W. Post, and PWA Housing Director Howard A. Gray.

To them, the twenty-five construction-serried acres, separated from encircling old-law tenements by corrugated metal walls, presaged "the day when sunshine and opportunity shall be the unqualified right and heritage of every American child," marked another milestone on the up-hill road to decent housing for the tenement-dwelling third of the nation's families.

Waiting Lists—To adjacent slum occupants, the project loomed as a community showplace, with park, playground, grass and trees; foretold new neighbors, but roused few hopes of better homes for themselves. Already, 9,000 families have applied for the 1,463 apartments to be finished next summer.

To former tenants of demolished slums, Williamsburg Houses had already brought improved housing.

The New York City Housing Authority, which superintended their rehabilitation, reported last week that a sizable number of them by moving had gained steam heat, hot water, electricity, gas, bathrooms, bathtubs, private toilet facilities. Almost 200 families no longer must use illegal outdoor toilets; fewer must face the winter with only a coal stove to heat their homes.

But in brushing off old memories, some still maintained they preferred the cold-water "railroad" flats they had left—stove-heating; dark, damp rooms, community bathrooms and all.

One of them, curly-haired Mrs. George Zito, a bride at nineteen and now on relief, said she liked the four-room, unheated "railroad" flat shared with her mother, brother, husband and three children better than her present sunny, steam-heated four rooms, occupied by only the five Zitos.

Cost of Comfort—Heat was advised by the City Housing Investigator for the children's health. It costs a few dollars more a month in rent, but not enough to exceed the expense of rent plus coal previously required.

To heat four rooms such as the Zitos shared until a year ago last August averages $3.28 a month. Average rental for that type apartment in the demolished area was around $21. The family's new flat rents for about $23 a month, with heat and hot water included. Expense of illness caused

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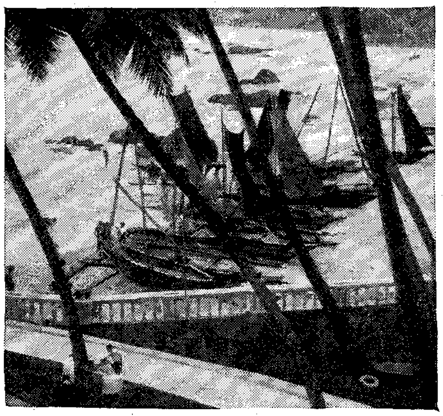

A beach at Colombo, on Ceylon

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by cold and damp, poorly ventilated rooms brought living costs even higher.

The eighteen four-story Williamsburg Houses will include steam heat and hot and cold water in the rent, tentatively estimated at $6.75 to $7.50 a room per month. Tenants can buy electricity for cooking, refrigeration and light at wholesale rates from the Government.

Fresh air and sunshine will come free, for the buildings are being constructed at fifteen-degree angles to the street to catch the prevailing winds and maximum light. A park and playground, grassy flagged sidewalks and trees will remind residents that all earth is not dirt. Ramps from sidewalk to basements will provide safe passage for baby carriages. A nursery school, health and community centers will stimulate social adjustments.

Pessimistic Mother — Pessimistic about chances of moving into the new houses, Mrs. Zito shrugged plump shoulders, hushed lively, four-year-old Rocco, clamoring for macaroni, predicted: "City employees will get all of them."

Scenes of yesterday: typical dwelling and playground on the site of the new Williamsburg Housing Project to be replaced by sanitary, modern apartments

In reality, former residents of the cleared area will be given some preference when tenants are selected. To weed out bargain hunters and protect real estate companies, no one making more than five times the amount of his rent will be admitted. But health and moral requirements will be strict.

Symbol of Wealth—To neighborhood business men and property owners, the $12,783,000 PWA-financed community, rising rapidly under the superintendence of Starrett Brothers & Eken, Inc., who constructed the mammoth Empire State Building, is a big dollar sign.

Already, business in the economically deflated neighborhood has picked up. Since last March, more than a quarter-million dollars have been poured into real estate improvements within a radius of a block and a half. Four streets rimming the area display spruced-up façades, prideful cleanliness almost forgotten in the last twenty years.

Neighboring apartments boast newly-tiled foyers, incongruous with their general dilapidation but indicative of a new psychology toward living conditions. In one, a crudely printed sign entreats tenants to keep hallways clean, or the superintendent will have to quit his job. Signed: Supt.

Across Bushwick Avenue from the project, fifty-nine-year-old Henry Cohen, retired shop-owner, chuckled last week as he washed the glass door to his son-in-law's new three-story office-apartment building.

Bargain—He had received $8,500 for an old four-story brick building in the clearance area. It had housed his millinery store and six families, some of whom seldom paid their $12 monthly rent.

Predicting the return of prosperity to the once humming business center along Manhattan Avenue, where he first set up shop in 1900, Mr. Cohen said higher-incomed tenants of new houses would stimulate business.

In 1900, people came from all over Long Island to buy on Manhattan Avenue, he said. The exodus to the suburbs and increased department store buying stranded shop-owners. Money customers were replaced by seekers after low rents, available in deteriorating buildings. General slovenliness grew. Owners couldn't fill their houses or afford improvements. By 1920, the district was a slum.

Russian-born Henry Cohen had no doubt of poor families' ability to appreciate new comforts. "When a person finds himself in a good place," he said, "he makes himself good. He keeps clean. You see?"

Earlier Experiment—Williamsburg, first settled in the seventeenth century by Dutch and Swedish farmers, was the scene of an early venture in model housing. Fourteen homes, intended as a pattern for a new city, were built a hundred years ago, but later absorbed in the general development. Surrounding two-story buildings gave way to a horde of tenements. The community became one of overcrowded, badly designed houses, utilizing every foot of land, with no regard for light and air.

City Housing Authority officials estimate that similar building projects could in ten years wipe out New York's slums, rehouse 2,500,000 tenement families at a cost of about $4,000,000,000, one-fourth the assessed value of New York City realty.

The twelve slum-cleared blocks represent many things to grown-ups, but to children it's a different story.

To twelve-year-old Jasper Clementi, a block away, playing his dead father's violin, they are a desecrated playground. When the houses disappeared, his friends went with them.

"There's no one around here to play with any more," he sighed.

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Topics in Brief

THE AVERAGE American works himself to death trying to get ready to live.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

WELL, at least the antinoise ordinance quieted the City Council—on that subject. —*Charleston Daily Mail.*

THE CANNY working girl knows it is one thing to be wed and quite another to be fed.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

IF AUTOMOBILE production continues brisk, we may eventually have two cars for every filling-station.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

IN THEIR prognostications, the Republican and Democratic National Committees seem to be as far apart as the polls.—*American Lumberman.*

THE PRESIDENT once referred to himself as a quarter-back, but it is doubtful if he was thinking about an All-American team. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE BUILDING revival is much bigger than we had dreamed. A local hotel table-cloth yesterday carried a penciled plan of a sixteen-room house.—*Detroit News.*

LLOYD'S is taking bets on Edward's not marrying before the Coronation. This is soft—letting your marriage be some one else's gamble.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE MONUMENTAL new Chinese dictionary is to have more than a million characters, leaving "Anthony Adverse" completely in the shade.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

BERLIN sweet shoppes are offering a chocolate-bar made of coal-tar. It improves on the French War-time article, which used a gravel base.—*Detroit News.*

AS AN AID to teaching, two medical-school men have devised a mechanical brain that does everything but think. That is what a lot of brains do.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A PSYCHIATRIST thinks a majority of Europe's "strong men" are quite mad. Not for generations have so many loco boys made good.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

A MISSIONARY to the South Sea Islands reports that it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep the native women in clothing. Same over here, brother.—*Washington Post.*

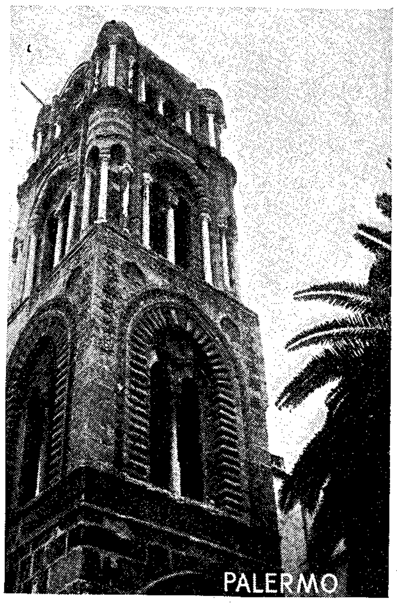
IN SOME PARTS of China, an information note tells us, knives are still used in place of money. This must make dealing with a bill-collector a real pleasure.—*Boston Herald.*

AN ANALYST of the candidates says Mr. Roosevelt has a ready smile but no sense of humor. Mr. Lemke, on the other hand, is claiming Massachusetts.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN KENILWORTH and other North Shore suburbs children rowed in wash-tubs in the streets following a two-day downpour. The last rows of summer, perhaps.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WHEN LADY ASTOR advised the students of the University of Virginia to prefer work to public office, she showed a keen appreciation of the nice distinctions of American life.—*Boston Herald.*

INEXPENSIVE



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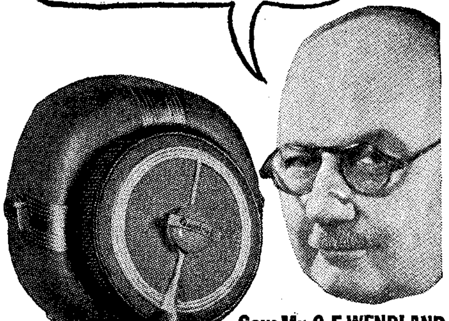

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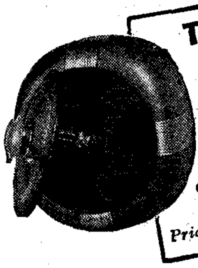

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Parade

Beetle-browed, swarthy, **Pasquale Marinacci,** thirty-three-year-old Syracuse (N. Y.) carpenter, may not have heard of antinoise campaigns, but he is determined to "outhonk" any impatient motorists who object to his leisurely sauntering in the streets. Highly nervous by instinct, he became so annoyed by "tooting" car drivers that he invented a device which is attached to the top of a cane and performs honking marvels for pedestrians.

"I dunno if I get patent yet," Marinacci said. "There's nothing much to say. It's just a novelty. You carry it and press the bulb on top and it honks. Fellow in Chicago says he makes 'em for me. Maybe sell twenty-five cents apiece. I think maybe Legionnaires like to carry 'em in parades. I don't expect to get rich. But might sell a lot."

* * *

Forging to the front as "radio's flying commentator," **Kathryn Cravens** has joined the list of dispensers of news on the air. Using air-planes to cover assignments, the former Texas actress has inaugurated a series of programs entitled "News Through a Woman's Eyes." The broadcasts contain everything from interviews with celebrities to poetry readings and beauty hints.

* * *

"In Europe, grown men have become children living on primitive ideas," declared **Ernst Toller,** exiled German author. "They are yielding up their self-reliance and responsibility to dictatorship. A healthy, mature man is glad to take responsibility; an unhealthy one surrenders his freedom and comes in time to enjoy the masochism that a dictatorship imposes upon him."

* * *

Pepped up over prospects of next year's Coronation festivities in England, **Gertrude Lawrence,** actress, hoped her stage production would close early enough to allow a quick transatlantic crossing. "I suppose the ships will be awfully crowded," she fretted. "I don't know how I'll get back, short of having Harry Richman fly me. . . . I'm having my jewelry dipped in gold. It's nice for the Coronation, you know."

* * *

After a grilling all-summer contest in the Sequoia National Park, in California, **Brownie,** a golden-mantle chipmunk, stored eighty-eight and one-half red Spanish nuts in the side of his jaw at one sitting. This was the all-time record and the tiny animal was named champion. The idea of the contest was to see which "munk" could take the most nuts *via* hand feeding before running off to store them in a favored ground hole. The previous record was sixty.

* * *

"Adolf Hitler is as near a saint as any man can be," groaned **Lord William Montague-Douglas Scott,** Conservative Member of Parliament. "He does not smoke, swear or drink, and has no vices at all—altogether a very tiresome sort of man."

* * *

After twenty-one years' absence, **Sylvia Beach,** American expatriate publisher of Paris, found the United States unchanged. She liked everything about the country but Hollywood and the magazines. "Every one is reading a digest of a digest of a digest," she digested. "And I prefer to skim my own cream."

* * *

"June brides look like a thing of the past," declared **Theodore E. Apstein,** lawyer-author of "The Parting of the Ways." "September and October are the big marriage months now. And it looks as if 1936 will go down as a booming year for wedlock. Maybe it's a result of better times. In any case, there are so many newlyweds, apartment hunting is going to be a difficult job again in a couple of years."

* * *

"A collapse of Government always follows the fall or death of a dictator," stated **Irene Ward Bewick Ward,** English lecturer. "Of course a democracy will survive only if it understands its problems. It is slow to act until its problems develop into a crisis."

* * *

"Now and then," sighed **James J. Walker,** former Mayor of New York, "I've been given the reputation of being a wisecracker, a smart guy, a play-boy. Well, if there's any justification of that at all, it's just on the surface."

* * *

Planning to retire sometime during the next five years, **Lily Pons,** opera star, maintains a career is just too much work. "Ever since I began singing," she said, "my work has put more and more restrictions on my life. I couldn't eat the things I wanted or

Brownie, champion nut-stower-awayer, broke all records at Sequoia National Park go to the places I wanted to because I might injure my throat."

* * *

Sweet potatoes, artichokes and sugar-cane may provide the motor fuel of the future, according to **Dr. Charles H. Herty,** director of a pulp and paper laboratory at Savannah, Georgia. "Why can't we begin now working on fuel that is a permanent fuel?" he asked. "So long as that old sun shines, we can make all the motor fuel this nation will need."

* * *

The nation's first "dude ranch for dogs" has been opened by **Gladys Shipman,** dog fancier of Pasadena, California. Located at Big Bear Lake, the new institution is equipped with a maternity ward, special runways, private apartments and a kitchen turning out from 300 to 400 pounds of scientifically rationed food daily. Goat milk, tomato-juice and buttermilk are preferred beverages; hunting, hiking and sun bathing, preferred pastimes.

* * *

"Always keep single lady investors from getting married," is the advice of **Roy S. Johnson,** Oklahoma banker. "Naturally they always think they have married a man of unusual ability. They act on his advice, and tho he may never have been a success himself and never have had any funds of his own, he always knows a better way to invest her funds."

* * *

Wide World

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard: producer and star . . . husband and wife?

In Chicago, **Father R. Hubbard, S.J.,** explorer, praised Eskimos because: They don't bet, they don't know or care who is President, their women don't have to change styles every few months, they are self-sufficient and have a sound economic theory of living, they don't tear around and are content to stay in one place.

* * *

"We've been throwing things at the audience for years," laughed **Vivian Duncan** of the musical comedy sister act. "In Chicago we had a show where we threw onions. Now it's doughnuts. We'll have to see about watermelons."

* * *

Alaska's first woman legislator, **"Flying Nell" Scott,** was elected without making a single campaign speech. Resident of Seldovia, she covered the district in an airplane, specializing in heart-to-heart talks. Abolition of fish-traps, enactment of social security legislation, financial aid to prospectors, substantial bounties on predatory animals and more and better landing-fields were major planks in her platform.

* * *

On her first transcontinental tour since becoming a star, **Paulette Goddard,** film actress, refused to deny or admit that she was now Mrs. Charles Chaplin. But she would affirm that the famous comedian plans to produce two new pictures and star her in them.

* * *

"A certain type of music comes to us under excitement," remarked **Fritz Kreisler,** violinist-composer, returning from Europe. "Jazz is the expression of primeval instincts. Don't think jazz is bad. There is good and bad music, and do you think all classical music is good? Who can tell? A gifted man like Gershwin, had he been born in some other environment, might have written great symphonies."

* * *

Miss Corazon Juliano, twenty-one-year-old, raven-haired Manila law student, on arriving in San Diego, California, stressed the capability of her own people in ruling the Philippines. "Independence! We will be very proud when we are completely free. Manuel Quezon, our President, has done much toward forwarding the organization of an independent State. Filipinos are now directing the entire affairs of the Commonwealth, with the United States acting as supervisor."

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?

YOUR DOCTOR doesn't mince words. He says, emphatically, that a good laxative should meet 8 specific requirements. These requirements are listed below for your protection. Please read them carefully:

The doctor says your laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says your laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax meets every specification . . . Ex-Lax answers the doctor's requirements for a laxative at every single point.

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When Nature forgets— remember

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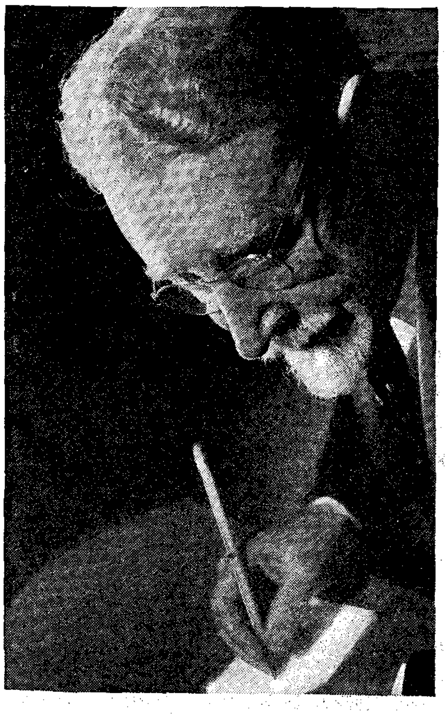

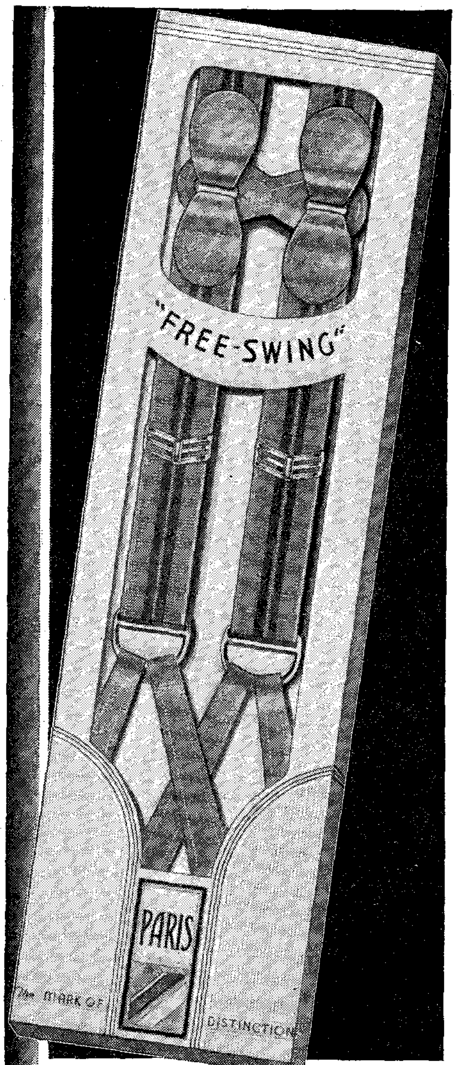

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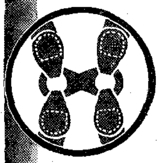

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Sports

THE "WILD WEST" IN NEW YORK CITY

Rodeo Reaches Annual Climax With World Championships

Their Western dialect a drawling contrast to Broadway's metallic jargon, their brilliant silk shirts and bandannas flaming spots of color in the monotonous mêlée of Eastern "store clothes," 174 cowboys and cowgirls will bring to a ki-yipping conclusion this week the eleventh annual World Championship Rodeo, held in New York City's Madison Square Garden.

As alluring to bull-doggers and bronco-riders as the World Series is to baseball players, the New York show is the biggest, and most paradoxically colorful, of the thousand or more rodeos staged every year in this country, Canada and Mexico. To it every fall, when the outdoor season is over, trek the best of America's 120,000 cowboys, supplemented by a minor representation from Canada and the Eastern "dude ranches."

In the Garden—For almost three weeks, they jounce about on ferocious-looking wild steers, rope slightly bewildered calves and get tossed from the backs of sunfishing outlaw horses, in an atmosphere as different from the fenced corrals at Pendleton or Calgary as Fifth Avenue is from a Wyoming cattle trail.

On the concrete surface of the Garden, whose steel girders seasonally reecho the alto whirring of bicycle tires on wood, the sharp scratching of hockey-skates on artificial ice, and the dull thudding of boxing-gloves on bare flesh, workmen have spread 135 truck-loads of dirt and tan-bark, and steam-rollered it down to a firm, six-inch layer. At one end of the oval arena they have built wooden chutes for the steers and broncos.

In the Garden's cavernous basement, Western ranch hands, blithely ignoring the "No Smoking" signs, take care of almost 600 head of stock—bucking horses, saddle horses, mustangs, calves, Brahma steers and plug-ugly Mexican cattle. To feed the stock and the 250 workmen attending them costs promoters of the rodeo $1,100 a day.

To the rodeo's *impresario,* a gray-haired, chunky Texan named Col. William T. Johnson, from whose 100,000 acres of Southwestern ranches most of the animal performers were brought, the item is almost insignificant. For last year cowboy-minded New Yorkers contributed $334,000 to the gate receipts, and concessionaires added another $82,000. This year, the revenue will be even greater.

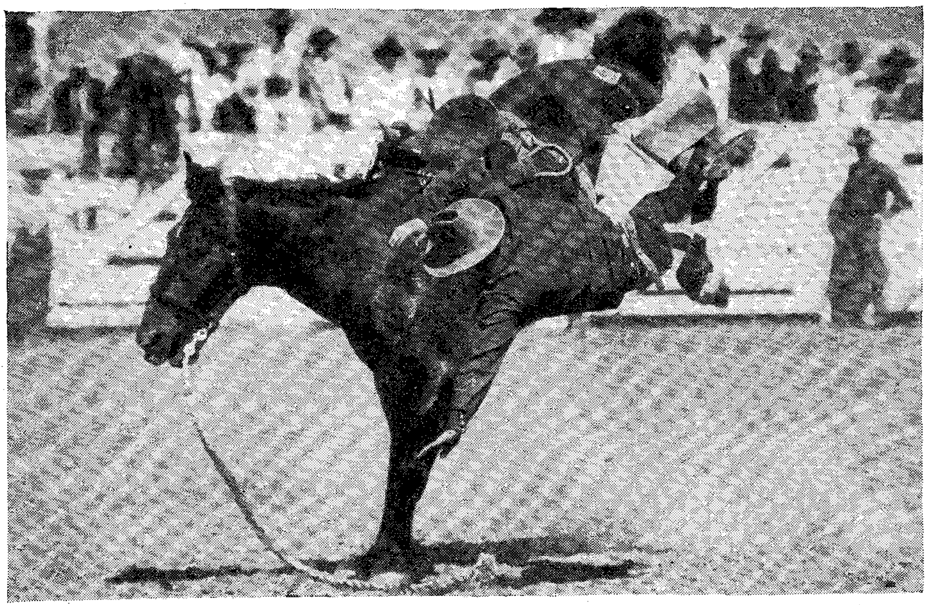
Admittedly untypical of ordinary goings-on at Western cattle-ranches, events on the rodeo program, like the motion-picture regalia of its actors, are mainly for show. Outside of rodeos, most of them are performed either not at all or with strictly business-like efficiency.

But for showmanship purposes—and slices of the $35,000 prize-money—the rodeo riders and ropers have made the affair a glittering spectacle. Plunging around the Garden's man-made earth floor, in the glare of floodlights, cowboys from eighteen States and three Canadian Provinces make bronc riding and steer-riding seem the most dangerous sports in the world. And they probably are. None of the regular performers at the Garden has been able to take out insurance.

Ride 'em—Rounded up on Northwest and Southwest ranges, and carefully selected for their murderous temperaments, the broncos are guaranteed to give any cowboy a ride for his money. Not trained to "buck for the customers," they do so because they like to, because they are seldom ridden, and because they are never allowed to know when they are beaten by a clever rider.

Saddle and bareback riding are both judged on points. Three judges rate horse and rider separately when they come roaring out of the chute. Perfection for both is 100, but seldom do man and mount rate more than 85. Since theirs and the bronco's performance scores are lumped to produce the final rating, cowboys like to get as tough a horse as possible.

Careening out of the chute with both



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after strenuous drive
Nurse praises
Absorbine Jr. relief

MRS. K. C.,* a St. Louis nurse, suffered from cramped muscles after a long drive in her car. Her first thought was, as she writes, Absorbine Jr.

"I have seen Absorbine Jr. used to good advantage in hospitals, in treating muscular rheumatic pains, and also in easing the pain of tired, cramped muscles.

"Absorbine Jr. is economical because such a small amount will go a long way," is another interesting comment Nurse K. C. made.

As a family standby, no other liniment comes to you more highly recommended by so many doctors and nurses. Bumps, bruises, strains and sprains, gratefully yield their pain and swelling to Absorbine Jr.'s cooling, soothing kindness.

Speed of application after those minor accidents often saves a lot of suffering. Also famous for killing the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot. Keep a bottle handy in your medicine chest; you'll find it thrifty since a little goes so far. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Based on actual letter in our files

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Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

spurs on the horse's shoulders, bareback riders have only a rope to hang onto, and must keep one hand in the air all the time—or at least until they tumble head over heels to the ground. Saddle bronc riders also have to keep one hand free, and are required to scratch their spurs back and forth during the ride.

Even on a high-rolling "jughead" (rodeo *patois* for a horse with limited intellectual powers), cowboys can get few more thrills, and fractures, than they get riding and wrestling wild steers, another important fixture on every show program. The old Texas longhorn disappeared because its oversize head-piece made it unsuitable for shipment in railroad box-cars. In its place, rodeo riders have a vicious half-breed known as a Brahma steer.

Bad Brahma—First introduced to rodeo by Colonel Johnson, the Brahma steer is a powerful, threatening-looking cross between the sacred cattle of India and Southwest beef cattle. Slender-legged, long-horned, Brahmas resent being ridden, and frequently show their resentment by goring or trampling thrown riders.

Wrestling a wild steer, or "bull-dogging," involves two men—a "hazer," who rides along to keep the beast on a straight course, and a wrestler, whose only job is to plunge from his cow pony at the gallop, grab the steer by the horns and twist it to the ground until all four feet are extended.

Taxing strength and skill, bull-dogging is easily the most dangerous of all rodeo stunts. In the Garden show, the lightest steer weighs 900 pounds. Many of the boys wrestling them weigh less than 160 pounds.

Roping—Far less disastrous, but just as scientific in technique, is the ancient sport of calf-roping, a stop-watch event that requires perfect coordination between rider and horse. Contestants bring their own pet cow ponies to the rodeo.

The calf gets a dead-line start out of the chute before the cowboy sets out in pursuit. After roping the calf, the rider dismounts, goes down the rope, and brings the wildly scampering animal to ground with his hands. Time is up when he has tied three legs of the calf together.

Trained for months, the cow pony has to stop at just the right distance to prevent the bouncing calf from being pulled down by the rope—a fault known as "busting." During the tying procedure, he must know

Ride 'em, cowboy!

Something *can* be done about winter—
if you start right now
to build good general *resistance*

Facts available today give a clue to many of those winter hazards which come so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort!

They begin in early fall, grow more frequent and severe as the season wears on, finally reach a peak in January.

Link this with the fact that your general *resistance* is likely to be low at the same time, and you can plan a course of action.

Too little sleep, fresh air, and exercise probably contribute to your winter condition, and you should try to do something about them.

But in addition, use some *daily* resistance-building measure. Give *Adex* a trial.

The protective factors in Adex come entirely from known, *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

The Vitamin A you obtain will help you increase your general resistance. The "sunshine" Vitamin D in Adex is also beneficial at this dreary season.

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enough not to drag the calf. Cowboys train their ponies to stand still by tying heavy rocks to their halter ropes. On the range, the training furnishes all within view with a living weather-vane, for the ponies invariably head away from the wind.

As in automobile racing, many of the contestants make rodeo riding their business. They travel from one show to another by car, taking along their ponies in trailers. With the "breaks," an expert rodeo rider can make between $12,000 and $15,000 a year. Without them, he probably won't clear much over $2,000.

A good bit of his earnings often goes to doctors, for broken ankles, concussions, shattered ribs and dislocated jaws are frequent. In a big show, such as the Madison Square Rodeo, the director often pays the hospital bills. Usually, tho, that expense is the individual's worry.

Cow-girls broke into the business in 1901, when "Prairie Rose" Henderson, daughter of a Wyoming rancher, persuaded her father and skeptical officials to let her do a little bronco riding in the Cheyenne Frontier Days show.

Cow-Girls—Of the twenty-one girls competing in this year's rodeo World Series in New York, none is more experienced in the rough-and-tumble art of bronco riding than Mrs. Buck Lucas, of Fort Worth, Texas, who has been in the business since she was fourteen. The daughter of a rancher, she learned to ride as soon as she could walk, and rode steers in her first big rodeo, at Garden, Nebraska, in 1923.

In 1924, "Tad," as she is known around the rodeo circuit, added trick riding to her repertoire, and has been doing pretty well with it ever since. For eight years, previous to the Chicago Century of Progress, she was Best All Round Cow-Girl, winning the championship in her two specialties, bronco riding and trick riding.

In an exhibition rodeo at Chicago, she suffered a broken arm. Since then she's had six operations on it, and, until this year, was unable to compete in the bronco events. She kept up with her trick riding all along, tho.

Green-Eyed—Five feet, one inch tall, she weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and greenish eyes which she prefers to call "cats' eyes." Married, she has two daughters, one eight and one fifteen. The younger one already has competed in rodeos. Both of them, she says, are good horse-handlers.

During performances, "Tad" wears a close-fitting, bright red satin jacket and flaming red whip-cord breeches. She makes them all herself. So far this year, she has made twenty-five rodeo outfits for herself and her young daughter.

In the 1924 rodeo in London, she won the relay event and was headed for the bronco championship until a horse fell on her and broke several of her ribs. An inveterate souvenir-hunter, her prized trinket from the England *safari*, in addition to the broken ribs, was a shoe from one of the late King George V's favorite horses.

Trophy Owner—In 1931, "Tad" won permanent possession of the $10,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer trophy, awarded to the girl who wins the "best all-round" championship for three consecutive years.

Regarded by her rough-riding colleagues as one of the "prettiest gals in the show," she doesn't know how much longer she'll ride in rodeos.

"Guess I'll just keep on going 'til I get old and gray," she says. "In fact, I'll probably hobble out on crutches."

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Finance and Industry

AMERICA GETS BID: DRINK NATIVE WINES

Industry Employing 20,000,000 Envisioned as Goal of Drive

Each of forty million Frenchmen sips an average of 42 gallons of wine yearly. If 127 million Americans did the same, *Uncle Sam's* modest 45-million-gallon wine consumption would mushroom a hundred-fold, wine-making would outstrip the automobile and steel industries, would provide jobs for more than 20,000,000 workers.

In this vein domestic producers have spun dreams for years, have been jarred awake by the sobering reality that, after all, Americans do drink only one-third of a gallon of wine *per capita,* that they prefer beer and hard liquors* (see chart).

Last week the nation's vintners stopped blowing soap-bubbles and prepared to act. Under the leadership of the Wine Institute (trade association embracing 85 per cent. of wine gallonage) they gathered a quarter million dollars, got ready to go into newspapers and magazines, on the radio, to convince non-wine tipplers that (1) wine gives health, (2) wine nourishes, and (3) wine goes as well with food as Worcestershire sauce goes with steak, only better.

Problems—Thirteen lean Prohibition years almost killed the wine industry (some vintners sold sacramental wine, peddled grape-juice). Repeal resurrected the business, but the producers' jubilation lasted only until they got acquainted with a host of postrepeal problems.

The mad scramble for the market kept many producers tossing nights in 1934. Train-loads of barely potable liquids bottled under wine-labels by unprincipled vintners sped eastward and westward to eager consumers, gave the industry a black eye from which it has not yet fully recovered. Further cause for sleepless nights was the avid enthusiasm with which Federal and State Governments pounced on wines (also beers and hard liquors) to line depleted coffers, to finance relief, public works, old-age pensions.

Not least disturbing was the circumstance that Americans who had consumed twice as much wine during prohibition by learning to make vintages in their homes, continued to make it after repeal. This deprived the industry of a market for 30,000,000 gallons—more than the industry's total sales in 1934.

This year vintners fret less. They even look forward to some profit on their collective half-billion-dollar investment. But as yet they don't know whether to toss their hats in the air over recent gains or again to pull long faces over their troubles.

True, wine drinking in the United States last year jumped 80 per cent. from the meager 25,000,000 gallons of 1934. True also, Americans this year will smack their lips over 50 per cent. more domestic Muscatel, Sherry, Port and other vintages than they did last year. Indeed, producers expect demand for wine will reach an all-time high of 60,000,000 gallons.

Doleful Factors—But against these cheering gains, producers marshal a doleful parade of factors which, they say, play hob with their business generally.

Vintners maintain that wine is food, that wine lovers should be able to buy it from the corner grocer with no more difficulty than they buy a loaf of bread. Backbone of American wine consumption, producers explain, are the folk of humble means, laborers and their families who brought their wine loves from the Old World. For them wines must be sold from the barrel, perhaps in the consumers' containers. California permits that, and in turn boasts the highest annual *per capita* wine consumption in America—three gallons.

Far West Example—As a matter of fact, producers like to point out, all of the Pacific Coast States bear down lightly on wine distribution. As a result their citizens consume more wine than the rest of the country put together. In contrast, State liquor monopolies and State liquor stores east of the Sierras have virtually stymied the wine trade. In such States, vintners declare, wine lists (domestic) are limited and wine orders from outside sources practically barred by stiff mark-ups (in Pennsylvania 50 per cent. and higher).

Vintners hope some day to persuade all States to divorce the control of wine from that of liquor, so that wine sales may become as unhampered as sales of beer. In canned wines vintners see further possible hope for expanded sales. Already nine California wineries pack wine in cans; soon they will promote canned wines with extensive advertising. Still conservative vintners wonder whether wine in cans can compare in quality with wine stored and transported in wood or in glass.

Taxes—Most potent destroyer of wine sales, wine men tell you, is taxes. Prodded by the Wine Institute, *Uncle Sam* already has reduced levies on vineyard products by $7,000,000 annually.

To *Uncle Sam* the wine-bibber pays 10 cents a gallon on dry still wines (still wines contrast with effervescing wines like champagne). To this levy Indiana and Wisconsin now add an additional 25 cents a gallon State tax. Indiana once imposed a $1.60 tax a gallon. A bottle of wine therefore cost a Hoosier 36 cents for taxes alone, pushed wines beyond the reach of persons of modest means, drove them to gin and hard liquor.

Lower taxes will mean higher consumption, producers argue. Dramatically they compare California and Indiana. The Golden State charged a nominal 2 cents a gallon in the first repeal year (1934), collected $282,000; Indiana charged $1.60, collected $25,000.

Sales disturbers which make wine men boil are the barriers erected by some States against the wines of other States. In Georgia and North Carolina, for instance, legalized wine production is limited to grapes grown within those States' borders.

The tendency of some States to discriminate against wines of other States has often given bad moments to wine men in New York, Ohio and California, home of 90 per cent. of the nation's 500,000 acres of vineyards, producer of 95 per cent. of its wines.

There, in 1850, Count Agoston Haraszthy came to prospect for gold, found that

---

*1935 consumption domestic wine, 45,000,000 gallons; domestic whisky, 62,000,000 gallons; domestic beer, 1,384,300,000 gallons.

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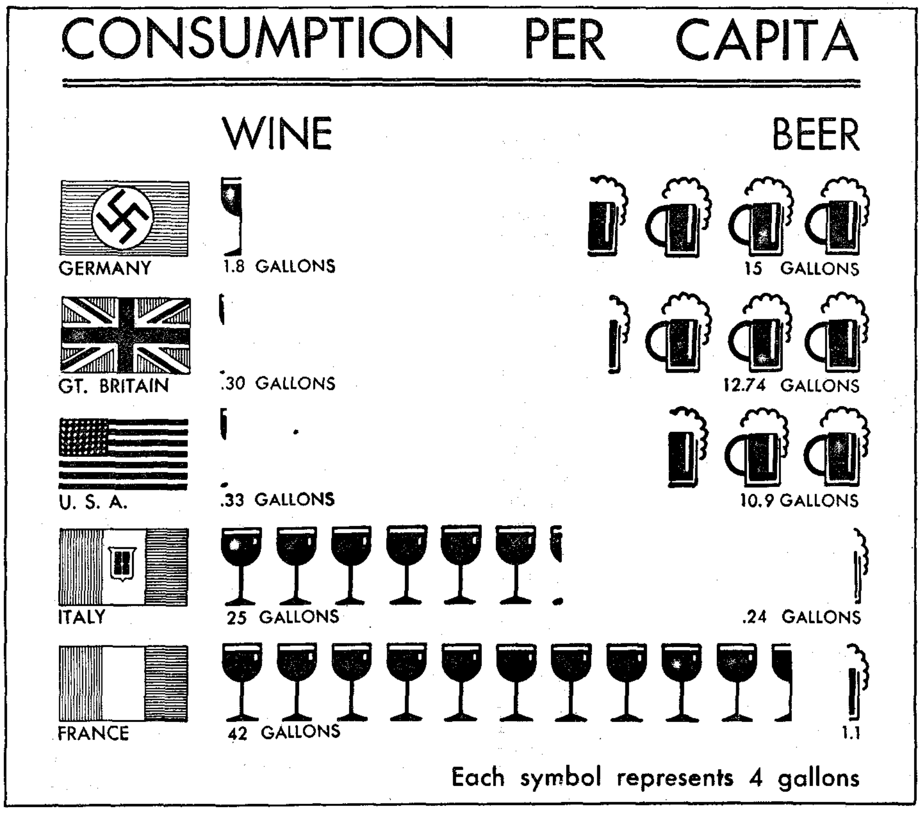
the State's soils and climate duplicated those of wine-producing European regions, set about making wine instead. From his native Hungary, from France, Germany, Italy, Spain, he transplanted vines and cuttings, patterned California wines after those of the Old World. For this, a critical posterity has not been entirely grateful. Certain connoisseurs insist that California should have developed its own wines rather than imitated those of the Old World. Its vintages would then have achieved or bettered the quality of European Chablis, Medocs, Chateau Yquems (California wines have won awards in competition with Old World vintages; more often, however, they have been barred from such competition because their names imitate European titles).



LITERARY DIGEST chart by Pictorial Statistics, Inc.

California wine-makers hear most often the charge that they put quantity ahead of quality. In recent months State officials have concentrated on raising standards, barring inferior wine. But as yet in America a wine lover who asks a wine clerk for the product of a given California vineyard is likely to receive an uncomprehending stare. In Germany, on the other hand, the label sets forth the vintage year, names the species of wine, indicates whether the wine came from selected bunches or from single grapes.

Under the leadership of their trade association, California wine men also fought harder than ever to retain the right to use Europe's names for their wines, a right which importers and foreign producers have challenged for years.

Oldest and most famous of California's wineries is the Italian-Swiss Colony in Sonoma County. Spaghetti lovers from San Francisco to New York cherish the Colony's Tipo Chianti ($1.25 a quart). At Asti, all of the village's 250 families work for the Colony, which can produce annually six million gallons of Burgundy, Claret, Port, Sherry.

Largest wine-maker in America is Fruit Industries, Ltd., one-time employer of Mabel Walker Willebrandt and present owner of the nation's largest vineyard—5,000 acres at Guasti in California's San Bernardino County. As the merchandising organization for numerous wine cooperatives in California, Fruit Industries can distribute twelve to fifteen million gallons of dry and sweet wines annually.

Great Companies—From these companies, from such giants as the California Grape Products Co., Colonial Grape Products Co., comes the bulk of California wines. From the northern counties of Napa, Santa Cruz, Contra Costa, these and other concerns gather the grapes for the fine dry wines such as Burgundy, Riesling, Hock. The San Joaquin Valley region, which embraces 60 per cent. of the State's grape acreage, furnishes sweet wines.

Costliest of American sparkling wines (and to some connoisseurs most cherished) are vintages of the Ohio Valley and of the Finger Lakes region in upstate New York. There, in a narrow, thirty-mile long area, the land provides a twin to the Rhine and Marne champagne regions—rolling hills, drainage, soil and all.

From the New York State vineyards come Gold Seal champagne (Urbana Wine Co.) and Great Western champagne (Pleasant Valley Wine Co.). Champion European wine-tasters awarded it the gold medal in the 1867 Paris Exposition. Upon it Brussels and Vienna lavished similar honors.

For a bottle of Great Western, the American champagne drinker pays from $2.50 to $3. For French champagne he would pay from $3 to $7 a bottle at a wine-shop. Of course the American can buy wine for less. He can drink California Chablis and Muscatel at 98 cents a bottle, California Madeira at 69 cents and some wines as low as 40 cents.*

In Paris, the *paterfamilias* brings home a bottle of *vin ordinaire* (a blended mediocre vintage). His family drinks it as Americans drink ice-water. Its price: from 2½ francs (about 11 cents) up.

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*Prices in New York City department store liquor shops.

BUYING ON TIME: Retail Sales on Instalment Plan Mushrooming by Billions

Consumer time-payment buying is impressively featuring the come-back of American business. Already indicated for 1936 is a $5,000,000,000 volume in such retail purchases. If reached, that total is expected to set a new all-time record for instalment transactions in percentage of the country's retail trade.

In peak-year 1929, instalment business contributed nearly $6,500,000,000, or 13 per cent., to a retail-sales aggregate of $49,000,000,000. Many a business man then viewed the system's expansion with alarm, later blamed it in part for the public's pre-'29 buying excesses. Many a banker regarded it as a standing menace through the slump that followed.

But instalment selling admittedly has since proved its value as an American business practise. Under the acid test of the depression, it produced far smaller losses than expected, caused far fewer dislocations than were feared, emerged with popularity enhanced, not diminished. Now securely established, it is again obviously promoting business expansion, and the profitable activities of big time-payment financing organizations are attracting the attention of investors as never before.

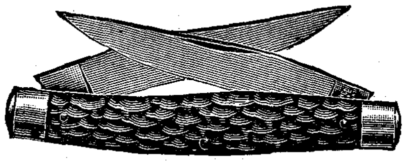
Time-payment retail selling is far from new. Imported from Paris more than a century ago, the system was first developed in the United States by the old New York house-furnishing firm of Cowperthwait & Sons. Seventy years later, it was potently spreading the buying of sewing-machines, of pianos, of oak furniture through the country. Its full American blossoming, however, awaited its adaptation to the low-priced motor-car, first in a big way by the late John North Willys, who set up a company in 1916 to finance instalment sales of his own Willys-Overland and other automobiles.

System Expands—Promptly other such companies appeared and multiplied, fattening upon the rapidly growing motor industry as it simultaneously fattened upon them. By 1925, three out of every five cars were being bought on instalments (the ratio has been fairly constant ever since), and the time-payment system was expanding steadily to become a potent sales aid to innumerable merchandisers, later to introduce into countless American homes refrigerators, washing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, radios, stokers, oil-burners, electric gadgets without end.

Heart of the modern time-payment system, wholly essential to large-scale instalment selling, is the modern sales finance corporation. Unseen until a time-payment sale has been made, it then looms as of paramount importance to the seller. From it he receives at once all the cash that the time-payment buyer has promised to pay in future instalments. To it, thereafter, not to him, the buyer pays those instalments. As banker-middleman, the corporation so finances the transaction, so makes possible further transactions which it will similarly finance, so extends vastly the ability of manufacturer to produce, of distributer to sell, of consumer to buy, without raising more capital.

Thus a dealer who sells an $850 motor-car on time receives a down payment of, say, $290 from the buyer and the remaining $560 from a finance company. To the

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN



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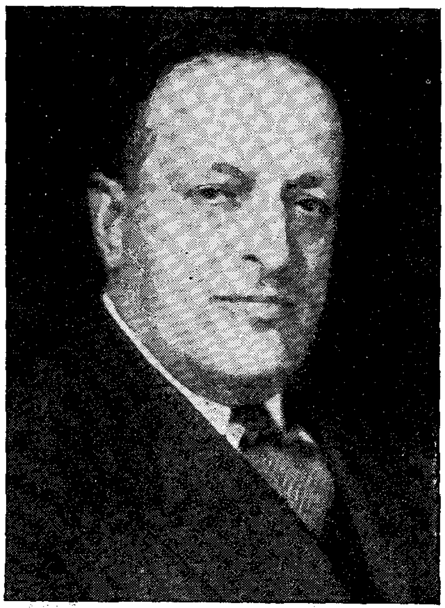
Commercial Credit's A. E. Duncan

$560 the latter adds an interest-insurance-service charge and collects the whole in monthly instalments. Currently more than 60 per cent. of all new and used automobile sales are financed in that way. More than 85 per cent. of electric refrigerators are so installed.

Many Agencies—American sales finance corporations have now become numerous beyond dependable count. More than 500, most of them small, concern themselves chiefly or wholly with motor-car purchases, which make up the greatest part of all instalment business. Approximately 250 are listed members of a national association operating from Chicago. Dominating the field, however, are three companies—Commercial Credit, of Baltimore, and Commercial Investment Trust, of New York, both of which are independent, and General Motors Acceptance, a subsidiary devoted to General Motors Corporation products.

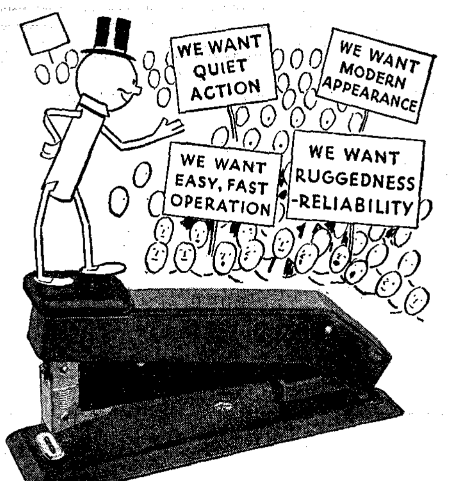
To Commercial Credit, since Chrysler Corporation is affiliated as a stockholder, goes most of the time-payment business of Chrysler, Plymouth, De Soto and Dodge dealers; also much of that of Packard agents. To Commercial Investment Trust goes most Ford-dealer financing because of its purchase three years ago of Ford's own finance unit, Universal Credit.

But while handling of motor-car time



Pach Bros.

Commercial Investment's Henry Ittleson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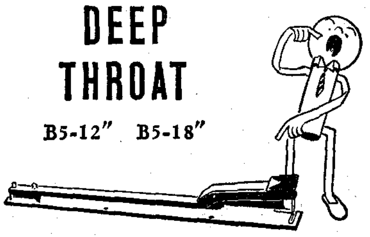
DEEP THROAT

B5-12" B5-18"



Two lanky brothers of the Bostitch B-5 are the B5-12" and the B5-18" deep throat fasteners, which will place staples as much as 12 inches or 18 inches in from the edge of the work. For attaching merchandise or samples to display cards, for labeling blankets, for many other jobs where the fastener must take an extra big bite.

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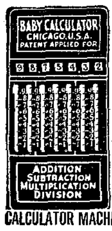

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"In Utah, early returns give Roosevelt 2647 votes to Landon's 1102—".

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which will enable you to keep an accurate record of the totals reported for the two major candidates each hour during the evening. The electoral vote is also scored, and thus the shifting fortunes of each party is watched.

Next Week in

The Literary Digest

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

payments constitutes much more than half of each company's business, both operate extensively also in other lines.

Heading both companies are veterans of sales financing. Commercial Credit's Chairman, Alexander Edward Duncan, moved through banking and credit insurance to establish his company in Baltimore in 1912 under the shield of famous bankers, Robert Garrett & Sons. Commercial Investment Trust's Chairman, Henry Ittleson, brought that corporation's then small "accounts receivable" business from St. Louis to New York in 1915 to follow John North Willys into automotive financing a year or two later.

FLYING BOX-CARS: Air Line Starts Overnight New York-Chicago Freight Service

Outlined in the glare of Newark Air-port's field lights early this week, a Ford trimotored plane rose gently from the runway, circled the air-port once, headed for Philadelphia. Simultaneously, from the Chicago Municipal Air-port, another Ford trimotor roared east toward Indianapolis.

The two planes were the first of Transcontinental and Western Air Company's new "flying box-cars." With these soaring freight-trains, General Air Freight, a division of TWA, planned regular midnight-to-dawn freight service from New York to Chicago, from Chicago to New York. A third plane would be held in reserve.

Freight transportation by air is not new, is in fact nine years old. During the first five months of this year, for instance, manufacturers, florists, newspaper publishers had shipped by air almost 3,000,000 pounds of gardenias and violets, machinery parts, news photographs, newsreels, newspapers, live pets (only one type of pet barred: snakes). But those shipments had been made in planes which carried passengers also.

Now, however, TWA's box-cars—reconditioned planes no longer serviceable for passenger traffic—will devote their 3,500-pound pay-load capacity only to freight.

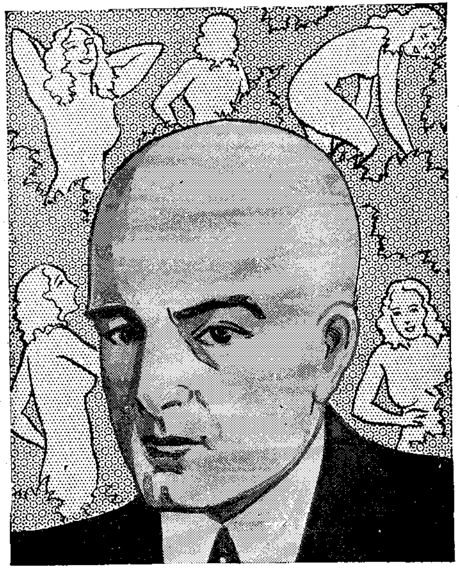
Rates Slashed—In their rates, the flying freight-trains offered a 57 per cent. slash from the tariffs charged for air express on passenger liners.

Thus the Chicago Mail Order Company will pay $12 per hundred-pound parcel flown from Chicago to New York, whereas the air express rate on fast passenger planes comes to $28. For air freight between New York and Pittsburgh, the *Wall Street Journal* and other newspapers will pay $6 a hundred pounds.

By providing cheaper air services, TWA executives expect to take shipping by air out of the "emergency use" classification and to develop regular daily customers. To speed the trend toward air freight, they throw in for good measure a free pick-up and delivery service.

Source of Revenue—Air executives know that express earns more money than passenger traffic. But to date, freight accounts for only 5 per cent. of air line income. For railroads, it accounts for 79 per cent. of revenues.

Air line companies expect to expand their freight hauls. To do this, they talk speed. Delivery by fast rail freight, Chicago to New York, they point out, takes twenty-eight hours. By air, it takes only seven hours. Flying box-car rates now give



The World's *most unpopular* "NUDIST"

Certain nudist cults claim that nudism is "artistic naturalness", but there is nothing artistic or natural about baldness—it is the world's most unpopular state of nudism. There may be no objection to one being a nudist, but don't be an unpopular one.

TRY THIS SIMPLE LUCKY TIGER TREATMENT

Apply Lucky Tiger several times weekly—give yourself a muscle-loosening massage each time. This treatment eliminates clinging dandruff that smothers hair growth — stops itching and scalp irritations—stimulates the scalp by waking up the lazy scalp muscles—and beautifies the hair. Ask for professional treatments at your barber's or get a bottle at any drug store.

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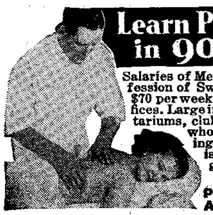

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them a talking point also. The cost by flying box-car: $12 a hundred pounds, Chicago to New York; by rail, $3.80; by air express, $28.

Dominating the air freight market with TWA's General Air Express is the Railway Express Agency. Railway Express owns no planes, operates on a revenue percentage basis through twenty-one air lines, has access to 215 air-ports, 28,000 miles of flying lines. For the first six months of this year, it chalked up 38,000 air shipments, a 75 per cent. boost over last year.

UNSHACKLED MONEY:

U. S., Britain and France Spur Trade by Financial Pacts

To halt a frantic flight of gold and to permit French industry to compete more favorably abroad, Premier Léon Blum's Popular Front Government last month depreciated the franc. In terms of American currency, the old 6½-cent franc slipped to about 4½ cents. This permitted French producers to sell more cheaply abroad.

Promptly, *John Bull* and *Uncle Sam* announced that they would support Premier Blum's move, meaning simply that they would not depreciate the pound sterling or the dollar in retaliation and thus wipe out the trade gains which a cheaper franc hoped to achieve.

Blum also abolished certain French import quotas, opened France more widely to foreign trade. Many veteran observers wondered whether France, England and America really meant to hold fast to their understanding.

New Agreement—Last week they had their answer. In Washington, Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau, Jr., told thirty jostling newspaper men that the United States had entered a "reciprocal arrangement" with Great Britain and France to minimize currency fluctuations.

How was this to be achieved? Through the use of stabilization funds.

What is a stabilization fund? In America, it consists of $2,000,000,000 ($1,800,000,000 in gold, $200,000,000 in currency). The New Deal Administration set it aside out of "profits" realized when America devalued its dollar 40.9 per cent., thereby increasing America's then-monetary gold stock's value from $4,043,000,000 in old dollars to $6,832,000,000 in new, devalued dollars. England's equalization account totals $2,000,000,000 also. France's fund is $500,000,000.

The System—The all-important stabilization accounts will operate in this way: Frenchmen, for instance, have invested large sums in American securities. If they should decide to sell these and repatriate their funds, they sell their holdings for dollars, then seek to buy francs. Thus created would be an abundance of dollars (on the exchange market) and a scarcity of francs. Under ordinary circumstances, the dollar would drop, the franc rise.

But under the tripartite agreement, the stabilization funds will step in. By buying dollars from Frenchmen (with francs), the French stabilization fund will prevent the dollar from sinking. By selling its holdings of francs, the American fund similarly keeps the franc from rising.

Old line bankers demanding a return to the old gold standard grouse ill-humoredly. To them the agreement means further inroads by Government.

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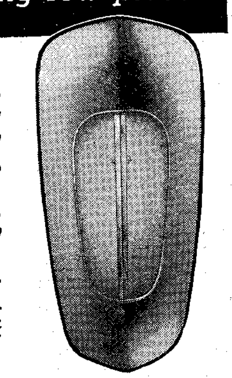

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NOW give your car the best winter protection — at a cost of less than one freeze-up!

Yes—this winter you can protect your car with a genuine PINES Custom Bilt Metal WINTERFRONT for as little as $4.95! This beautiful accessory is designed to look like an original part of your car and it's practical, too! Keeps your engine at summer heat all winter long. Ends your fear of a frozen motor while driving. Requires no servicing.

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(Special colors extra)

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Does away with Aerial entirely—Just place an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator (size 1½ in. x 4 in.) within your set. Simple instructions furnished with unit. Easily connected by anyone to aerial and ground of set. Your radio will then operate and tune in the same manner as if it were connected to an aerial. Operates on both short and long waves.

BETTER TONE AND DISTANCE GUARANTEED

Sensitivity, selectivity, tone and volume improved. No lightning danger or unsightly lead in and aerial wires. *Makes your set complete in itself. Forget aerial wires* and troubles—move your set anywhere.

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On the market five years. 100,000 satisfied customers in U. S. and Foreign countries. In use from the Arctic region of Norway to the tropics of Africa. Chosen by Government for use on Naval Hospital bedside radios. Each factory tested on actual long distant reception. Can not harm set—(Derives its energy from the earth radio waves, it therefore also in many cases helps to reduce fading and noises.)

5 DAYS TRIAL Mail coupon at once. Pay postman $1.00 plus a few pennies postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, return within five days and your dollar will be refunded without question.

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Send F. & H. Capacity Aerial. Will pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not pleased will return within 5 days for $1 refund. Check here ( ) if sending $1 with order—thus saving postage cost—same refund guarantee. Check here ( ) if interested in dealer's proposition.
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BETWEEN *the* LINES

"....what are they saying out there?"

By "out there" the Wall Street broker meant California's Imperial Valley, the Iron Range on the Minnesota-Canadian border, The South, New England, and every other section. What do the Nevada miners, the Oregon apple growers, the Kansas wheat farmers, the Pittsburgh steel workers and the rest of the people think about the coming election?

There are three ways by which he can find out:—One is to take a motor trip of some 50,000 miles through the forty-eight States. Another is to read a few hundred of the 12,000 newspapers published in the United States. The third way, the most convenient and completely informative is to read THE LITERARY DIGEST.

For THE DIGEST'S comprehensive review of the news is enhanced by a sweeping summary of editorial opinion. To make this summary well-rounded and impartial its editors read editorials from hundreds of newspapers. The latest representative opinion is often obtained direct by wire.

When labor troubles flare on the Pacific Coast, when Southern mill workers strike, when a political battle royal develops in Wisconsin, or a flood menaces the Mississippi Valley, THE DIGEST gives the reaction of the people through the entire press. The same swift and dramatic system is employed to interpret an important event in some far-flung corner of the globe.

THE DIGEST originated and developed this particular system of thought-coverage—of presenting impartially both sides of the news. In this week's issue, for example:

A Digest editor thought that the 800 foreign language newspapers in America, with a combined reading audience of 20,000,000 people, might have a bearing on the national election. So telegrams were dispatched to editors of these leading foreign language papers in every section of the country asking their views on the Presidential race. Back came replies showing a ratio of about three to two for one candidate. Which one? Read the complete story on page 19 of this issue.

In editorial pattern THE LITERARY DIGEST is not only a digest of news—but of the significant facts behind the news.

This is why every issue of THE DIGEST is being so closely read and highly regarded by thinking families of the country.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

In the Hills of Kentucky.—SALESMAN: "Say, your shoes are mixed; you've got the left shoe on the right foot."

STRAWFOOT: "And here for twenty years I thought I was clubfooted."—*The (Annapolis) Log.*

Low I. Q.—PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: "Are you acquainted with any members of the jury?"

WITNESS: "Yes sir, with more than half of them."

ATTORNEY: "Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

WITNESS: "If it comes to that, Mr. Attorney, I'm willing to swear I know more than all of them put together."—*Capper's Weekly.*

D——D.—"Mother, what does dee-dee stand for?"

"Doctor of Divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you such things in school?"

"Oh, yes; but it doesn't sound right here."

"Read it out loud, dear."

"The witness said he heard the defendant say 'I'll make you suffer for this, I'll be Doctor of Divinity if I don't.' "—*Exchange.*

Fair Enough.—The defense attorney was cross-examining the witness. Said witness was a fetching blonde with two lovely big blue eyes. The lawyer leaned forward.

"Where were you," he thundered, "on Monday night?"

The blonde smiled sweetly.

"Automobile riding," she replied.

"And where were you," bellowed the lawyer, "on Tuesday night?"

"Automobile riding," repeated the beautiful blonde.

The lawyer leaned still closer.

"And what," he murmured, "are you doing to-morrow night?"

The prosecuting attorney leaped from his chair.

"Your Honor," he protested, "I object to that question!"

The judge, a tolerant gentleman, shrugged his shoulders.

"And why do you object?" he inquired mildly.

The prosecuting attorney drew himself up in righteous indignation.

"Because," he snapped, "I asked her first!"—*Mark Hellinger in The New York American.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Svinhufvud—President of Finland (page 16)—as if it were *sveen' hoo-vood,* rimes with *green who would.*

Kallio—new Finnish Premier (page 16)—respelled, it's *kah'lee-oh.*

Kivimäki—former Finnish Premier (page 16)—full Continental values: *kee-vee-mah'kee.*

Holsti—Finnish Foreign Minister (page 16)—as if spelled *hull'stee.*

Refalowich—Imam of Brooklyn's Mohammedan Church (page 23)—he gives it *re-fahl'o-witch* (and the title is *ee'mahm*).

Extracurricular.—A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower-bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and said, "How many have you caught to-day?"

"You're the ninth," replied the nut.—*The Bee-Hive.*

Telling Plenty.—A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry and the cat's a Populist."—*Whirlwind.*

A Tall Order.—A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket *en route.*

"Listen, cowboy!" he growled. "On the way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with yer teeth."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Slips That Pass in Type

The bride wore a becoming brown chiffon crock with white accessories.—*Port Arthur (Tex.) paper.*

That must have jarred 'em.

LOST
Large Red Woman's Purse
—*Albuquerque paper.*

Containing her last Sioux?

SILVERSHIRTS REAPPEAR WHEN
LEADER SOUNDS PLATFORM TOXIN
—*Asheville (N. C.) paper.*

Full of poisonous planks?

Leaders of representative steel companies, commenting on humors of a 10 per cent. wage increase, said an increase was not being discussed now.—*Worcester (Mass.) paper.*

Not until you quit giggling.

Doctor G—— said McL—— entered the hospital, pointed a .38-caliber pistol through a heavy plate glass door to Doctor G——'s office, and fried.—*Henryetta (Okla.) paper.*

Thus cooking the doctor's goose.

Fear—just plain fear—is making the British Cabinet do a hop, skip and jump in its foreign policies and in everything associated with them, such as the matter of increasing the army, improving the navy and building a giant air farce.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

Well, that's candor for you.

Lily Pons, the opera singer, was recently honored by having a Maryland town named after her. Ken Meuser of the Olathe *Mirror,* cautions Miss Pons, however. She shouldn't gloat too soon. Remember Herbert Hoover once had a dame named after him.—*Coffeyville (Kan.) paper.*

There's been a lot of water over that "dame."

THE GREATEST TRIBUTE EVER PAID ANY TIRE!

September 24, 1936

Harvey S. Firestone, Chairman,
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Firestone:

Have just completed 48-hour endurance run over the hot, granite-like salt beds of Lake Bonneville, Utah. I drove 7,134 miles at a speed averaging 148.6 miles per hour, but at times I traveled as fast as 160 to 170 miles per hour. My 650 H.P. car weighs 2/1-2 tons and was equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

I cannot tell you, Mr. Firestone, how much I appreciate and how grateful I am to you for the development of a tire that would enable me to drive so far at such great speeds without a blowout or tire trouble of any kind. I am confident that your special process of Gum-Dipping counteracted sufficient friction and heat at these tremendous speeds to enable me to establish 72 world, international, and American speed records.

Sincerely yours,

Ab Jenkins

YOU of course will never drive your car 2½ miles a minute, but you do need the extra non-skid safety and blowout protection of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. Take no chances! Call on the Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer near you, and equip your car today with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires—the safest tires that money can buy.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. — WEAF Network

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